

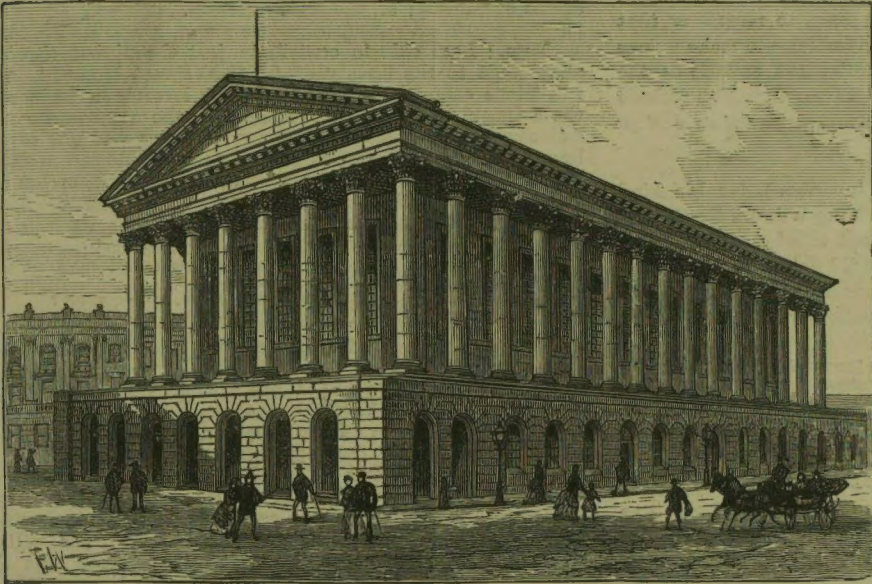
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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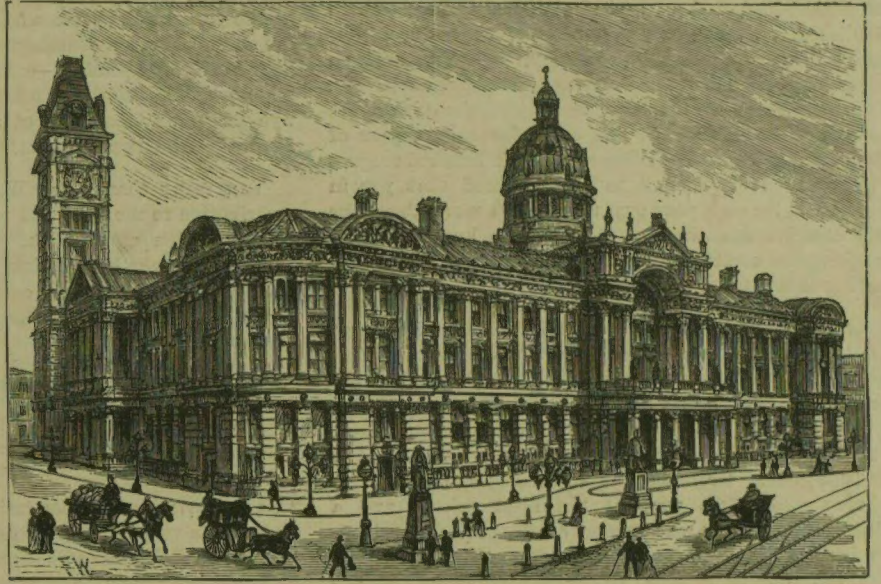
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SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1887.

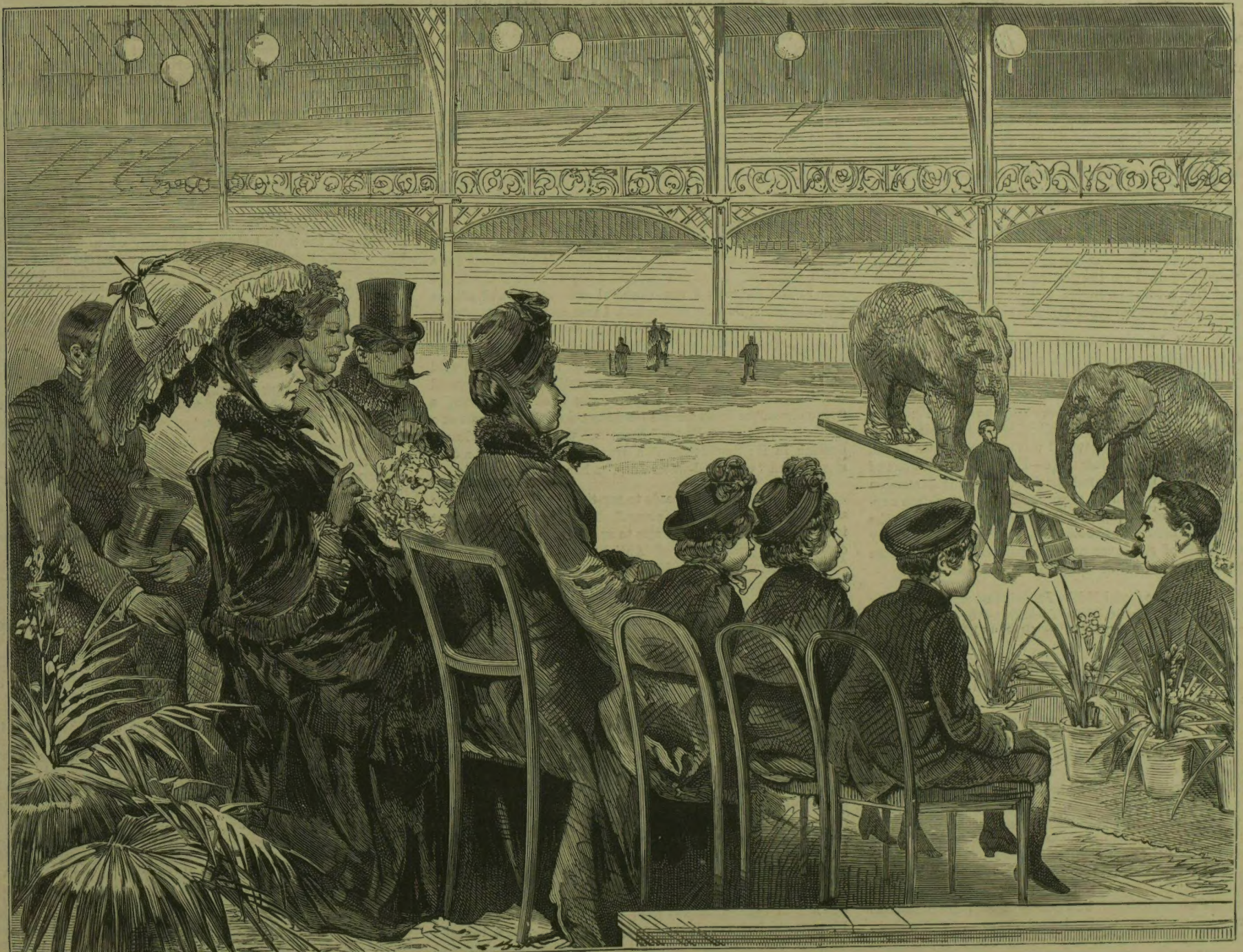
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THE TOWNHALL, BIRMINGHAM.



THE COUNCIL HOUSE AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, BIRMINGHAM.



THE QUEEN AT OLYMPIA, WEST KENSINGTON.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Rumour, it is popularly held, has a hundred tongues; and Rumour in Paris has the faculty of multiplying herself almost to infinity. So many cafés and "brasseries," so many centres of Rumour all fed from the newspaper kiosques, seconded by the yelling venders of false news on the boulevards, and the brabblement of the mongers of "canards" on the "Petite Bourse." I have seen scarcely any English papers since I came abroad—it is such a sweet boon to be able now and then deliberately to abstain from reading the journals which during eleven months in the year you are constrained to write!—but on the *acta diurna* of Paris herself I have fed greedily; and in every one of them have come on a fresh stock of rumours, all bearing on the, happily, abortive attempt to assassinate his Imperial Majesty the Tsar of all the Russias.

"The executions of the conspirators have already commenced. . . . The vaults of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg were found to be full of dynamite bombs. . . . Many of the prisoners have been subjected to horrible tortures. . . . The whole university of St. Petersburg, half the army, and one third of the navy are compromised. . . . The government of the Empire is in future to be carried on exclusively by the Hetman of the Don Cossacks. . . . An insurrection has broken out at Nishni-Novgorod. . . . The use of the knout has been re-established. . . . Forged rouble-notes of the value of one hundred million francs have been found in a fish reservoir on the river Volga." Thus the *Blagueur*, the *Invraisemblant*, the *Carottier Universel*, the *Voix Mensongère*, the *Journal des Gobe-mouches*, the *Incrovable*, and other favourite organs of public opinion in Paris. Let Rumour wag her hundred tongues and welcome. It is enough to be convinced that you in England know through your own newspapers more about the happily abortive assassination plot than is known in any other European capital—ay, and in ordinary circles in St. Petersburg itself.

But the plot and the story of the arrested Nihilists brings back to the mind of the Distressed Compiler strange memories. I have somehow lost count of the years closely preceding the one at the end of which I went to Australia; but it must have been early in the Eighties—and in the Ides of March, too—that I was dining, one Sunday night, at a great house in Cavendish-square. Grandees and diplomats, fair women and brave men, there were at the feast galore; and a sprinkling of people also who were only remarkable for brains—Henry Irving, Frank Burnand, and Arthur Blunt, I think, among the number. The Russian Ambassador, Prince Lobanoff, was to have been of the company; but ere we sat down to table our host received a dolorous telegram from the Russian Embassy to the effect that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Emperor Alexander II., and that his Imperial Majesty had been gravely wounded. An hour afterwards came another more deplorable despatch, with the intelligence that the Tsar was dead.

The next day I went to St. Petersburg, to see the lying-in-state and the funeral of the murdered Emperor. Two years afterwards, I went to Moscow to witness the coronation of the Tsar Alexander III. Now I have done with show and pageants, and pomps and vanities, and shall not go to the land of the Muscovite any more. And while the infinitely multiplied tongues of Rumour are wagging anent things Russian in every street in Paris, I sit all alone in my room at the Continental, blowing the bellows till the logs on the hearth glow—till the whole room seems red, and in the fiery proscenium before me I see the grimly splendid funeral cortège plodding through the snow from the Winter Palace to the fortress-church of St. Peter and St. Paul; I see the festive splendour, the gorgeous display of the coronation in the Kremlin at Moscow. What next, O glowing proscenium of the past?

To say that history is constantly repeating itself is a truism the reiteration of which may to many seem to be approaching the intolerable; but there is an instance of historical repetition in the matter of a pantomimic trick which, from its very minuteness, may be worth noting. Several weeks since, incidentally alluding to the first Christmas pantomime that I ever saw—it was at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, more than fifty years ago—I mentioned that one of the "funniments" in the "comic business" was the immersion by Clown and Pantaloon of a policeman in a cauldron supposititiously full of boiling water. When fished out again, the "Bobby" had been transformed into a "lobster"—i.e., by means of a veil of red gauze over his uniform the policeman had assumed the hue of the well-boiled crustacean.

Now mark! The jovial Mdlle. Judic is just now delighting crowded audiences at the Paris Variétés as the heroine of an outrageously "screaming" farce, entitled "La Noce à Nini," which (although by different authors) seems to be a kind of epilogue to the famous "Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," naturalised in England as the "Wedding March." Well; in one of the scenes of this extravaganza, representing a *bateau-lavoir* or floating laundry, one of the characters, named Montflemmard, is thrown into the river. When he is fished out again, dripping wet, he is covered with crawfish. The poor man is popped into the drying-chamber of the laundry, and when he emerges therefrom the crawfish which embellished his person are found to have been cooked a bright red. At which drollery I have no doubt the audience at the Variétés laughed consumedly.

Mem.: The policeman-lobster incident that I saw at Brighton in 183—was, possibly, borrowed from the contemporary French "Les Pilules du Diable," one of the funniest pantomimes ever produced, and which is still from time to time revived at the upper Boulevard theatres. But whence the lobster-boiling trick? It may be hundreds, nay, thousands of years old. When I reach home I shall consult Lelio's "Histoire du Théâtre Italien," a very mine of curious information touching the pantomimes of ancient Greece and Rome.

I read that some amiable friend of his species, a German chemist, shocked by the idea of the sufferings which may be undergone in "the next war"—the next war!—by soldiers who have the mischance of being blown up by "melinite," or "roburite," or some other explosive of the human hell-fire character, has invented a new projective in the shape of a bullet with a very fragile shell. This bullet, on reaching its billet and bursting, diffuses around an immense volume of anæsthetic gas, which produces complete insensibility in all persons whom, within a certain radius, it reaches. Thus, in a battle there would be neither killed nor wounded, but only so many regiments of soldiers all fast asleep, who could be made prisoners and deprived of their arms without the slightest effusion of blood. But how would it be if, after a certain number of volleys of anæsthetic balls, both sides fell asleep? The fairy tale of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood" might then become a reality.

Mem.: The German chemist's idea is not quite original. For hundreds of years the artillery branch of the Chinese Army comprised an ample supply of "stink-pots." It is true that the nauseous fumes of these missiles were intended to choke the foe and kill him; whereas the anæsthetic bullets are only to provoke a temporary exposition of somnolence. But would not these "sleeping balls" come within the category of warlike things the use of which was repudiated by the German Convention? It is curious to remember that the germs of such a consensus of civilisation—to make war as little horrible as possible—existed in England so early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when a Royal proclamation forbade "ye castynge or makynge of square bullets except against ye Turkes." Ah! those Turkes!

Very many thanks to "W. M." (Inverness), for his kind contribution to the pros and cons of King William the Third's pronunciation of English. Without offering any decided opinion as to whether William did or did not speak our tongue with a foreign accent, my correspondent quotes a verse from a contemporary Jacobite song, called "Willie Winkie's Testament":—

O tell me, Fader Dennison [query, Tenison?]  
Do you tink dat my life be done?  
So be, den do I leave vit you  
My parchments and my trunks at Loo:  
Von cup, von cloak, von coverlid,  
Von press, von black book and von red—  
Dere you will find direction give  
Vit mans shall die and vat shall live.

This is obviously a gross caricature; but, even taking it as such, it is a very imperfect rendering of the mode in which an uncultured Hollander would pronounce English. For example, he would say "mein," and not "my"; "mid," and not "vit"; "dronks," and not "trunks"; "vind," and not "find"; "gop," "gloak," and "goverlid," instead of "cup," and the rest.

Mem.: Another correspondent reminds me that Voltaire ("Siècle de Louis Quatorze") remarks that William spoke all the languages of Europe and failed to make himself agreeable in any one of them. But I have not done with William's English yet. I have hopes of routing out something about it when I reach home. I may find a clue to this King's English in the "Letters of St. Evremond," in Sir William Temple's works, and, possibly, even in Swift. That last-named shrewdest observer of human character must surely have noted the mode of speech of the "Stadtholder of England" (as the Jacobites used sneeringly to call William) when he taught young Jonathan how to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion.

"W. C." (Canterbury) writes me in rather a *du haut en bas* strain concerning Australian slang. "I must join issue with you (good-naturedly)"—dear me! how kind!—"on behalf of your correspondent, who says that 'cocky' is bush-slang for a small selector." In answer to this, I beg to state that while I was in the Colonies I made careful written notes of all the Colonial colloquialisms with which I met, and that referring to my note-book, which lies before me as I write, I find "cockatoo selector—a small farmer, N.S.W." By the same token I find entries under the name of "droverstalk"; "brumby," a wild horse; "calico-yard," a kind of "corral"; "pikers," wild cattle which cannot be got out of the bush; "jackaroo," a "new chum," or fresh arrival learning colonial experience at a station; "post-and-rails tea," coarse tea with stalks and leaves floating in it; "sundowner," a tramp; "brickfielder," a dust storm; and "wood-and-water Joey," a hanger about hotels.

My correspondent proceeds to say that I am "setting up as an authority on Australian slang." This is not only rude, but inaccurate. All that I did was to suggest the advisability of compiling a vocabulary of Antipodean, West Indian, and South African *argot*, and to invite contributions thereto. "W. C." can scarcely have read that which I wrote, or, reading it, he must have imperfectly understood my meaning, else he would not have continued in the following silly strain:—

Can you tell me, and thereby prove yourself a good man and true, what do the words "crow-eater" and "overland-fish" signify? Also please tell me what "pitcher" is. Do you know the common colonial term "buz-nacking" and that most expressive term "gee-bung"?

In all these instances, "W. C.," for the sake of making a foolish challenge, which had not been invited, actually withholds information, the imparting of which would be useful to the cause of philology.

Behold, on the other hand, a singularly communicative and liberal-minded correspondent. "W." (Plymouth) has read—and sympathetically read—the appeal of my learned (but personally unknown) friend "H. M.," of Brünn, Moravia, for works which shall assist him in the composition of his "History of Kissing." My Plymouth correspondent tells me that for some months past he has had a similar work in hand, and that he will gladly do his best to help "H. M." if I will put him in communication with the Moravian *savant*. Well, I hope to be home again on April 12, and should like to make arrangements for a meeting of the two authorities on osculation, say at Kissingen. Meanwhile, "W." cites an American work on this sweet subject:—"The Literature of Kissing," by C. C. Bombaugh, A.M., M.D., published by Lippincott in 1876;

also he refers "H. M." to "All About Kisses," by "Damocles," with illustrations by H. K. Browne ("Phiz"), London; C. H. Clarke, N.D. My genial Plymouth correspondent goes on with delightful *naïveté* to say:—"As I presume the work announced will be published in German and not in English, I think there is no fear of our interests clashing." *O! si sic omnes!*

If there existed any shred of doubt as to the late Sir Henry R. Bishop having been the sole composer of the melody of "Home, Sweet Home!" (the words of which were written by the American dramatist and publicist John Howard Payne) that doubt should be cleared away by a letter which worthy Dr. Charles Mackay has addressed to a daily contemporary. It has been frequently stated that the air of "Home, Sweet Home!" is, at least, an adaptation of a "Sicilian" melody; and this statement, originally based on a simple misapprehension, has been crystallised by envy and spite. Dr. Mackay clears up the mystery by telling us that when Henry Bishop, in his early manhood, was engaged by a well-known firm of music-publishers to edit a collection of the national melodies of all countries, he found it impossible to fix on a characteristic Sicilian air worthy of reproduction; so he invented one "out of his own head," as the saying goes; and this pseudo-Sicilian air, married to Howard Payne's words, afterwards became the "Home, Sweet Home!" first sung by Miss Maria Tree in the drama of "Cloris; or, the Maid of Milan."

Mem.: I am able to contribute just the tiniest shred of anecdote to the history of "Home, Sweet Home!" The illustrious composer Rossini could not have been jealous of the distinguished English musician. Still, the "Swan of Pesaro" had some oddly capricious ways with him; and one of his humours was the affectation of never being able to remember Henry Bishop's name. Thus, when a friend from London visited Rossini in Paris, the composer of "Il Barbiere" would ask—"Et comment se porte cet excellent

Te tum, tum, te tumty tum, te tum, te tum te tay;

Te tum, te tum, te tum; te tum, te tum, te tay.

Tum, tu-um, tum, tum, tay:

Te tee-um, tee-um, tum te tum, te tum, te tum, te tay?

He professed to recollect the melody, but not the musician. It was my mother who told me the story.

The Royal Jubilee has, I am glad to find, engaged the earnest attention of the English community in Paris, and an active movement is on foot to raise funds in order to mark, in a substantial form, the appreciation entertained by her Majesty's loyal subjects in the French capital of the great English national festival of 1887. Mr. Edward Blount and Mr. Campbell Clarke have been especially energetic in furthering the movement; and their efforts, it is to be hoped, will be crowned with brilliant success. It is understood that the Jubilee Committee have determined to divide the proceeds of the subscriptions into two parts—one to be devoted to the funds of the Imperial Institute, and the other to be consecrated to the foundation of some charity which shall form in Paris a permanent memorial of the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria's happy reign.

It is highly gratifying to learn that the Prince of Wales, with the humane consideration characteristic of that gracious gentleman, has expressed the opinion that the amount collected could not be applied to a better purpose than that of alleviating to some extent the distress in which so many English families domiciled in Paris are at present plunged. The English colony, however, are resolved that a moiety of the fund shall go towards the foundation of the Imperial Institute. As regards the numbers of daily distressed English now in Paris at the present time, I was amazed and shocked to hear that they amount to no less than twelve thousand!

To what classes can these indigent Britons, pining in a foreign capital, belong? Coachmen, grooms, nurses, ladies' maids, and domestic servants, generally, must make up, I should say, the main body of this army of unfortunates; to which may, perchance, be added a contingent of *pauvres honteuses*—poverty-stricken people too shamefaced to avow their misery:—governesses, tutors, clerks, and accountants, and male and female shop assistants. I have no positive knowledge on the subject; but I apprehend that I am, in the main, accurate enough in thus surmising; nor should I be surprised to learn that among these twelve thousand sufferers there are not a few widows and spinsters, who have lost their all by investing their capital in "wild-cat" banks, bogus companies, and lying foreign loans; to say nothing of Irish ladies who, quarter after quarter, have not received a penny of rent from their estates.

The worst of the matter is that the class who would willingly and generously help their distressed fellow-countrymen and countrywomen has been for some years neither so numerous nor so affluent in Paris as was formerly the case. In the reign of Louis Philippe the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré was a kind of Park-lane, and the environs of the Champs Elysées were a rival to Mayfair. Mr. James Yellowplush, plush, powder, and all, was present every day in force in the Bois. This pleasant state of things continued to a modified extent throughout the Second Empire; but, since the fall of the Third Napoleon, Paris has ceased to be a permanent residence for the British nobility and gentry. They pass through Lutetia, or abide for a few days at one of the palatial hotels; but they no longer make the gay city their home. The wealthiest English-speaking people now permanently domiciled in Paris are the Americans; but we cannot ask Brother Jonathan, be he even a Silver King, a Cattle Khan, or a Big Bonanza Bashaw, to feed and clothe our poor.

The *blasé* Eastern Monarch offered an immense reward to the man who should invent a new pleasure for his wearied Majesty's delectation. Surely some kind of recompense is due to the ingenious person who hits upon a thoroughly novel mode of doing honour to a Royal or Imperial commemoration. In hazarding such a suggestion I am not thinking of our own recently-born British baby, said to have been christened "Jubilee." There were "Jubilee" babies baptised in 1809-10. But what do you think of the generous, the loyal, the patriotic, the thoroughly philanthropic action of the dentists of the highly-important German Principality of Reuss, who have proposed to celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of the Kaiser Wilhelm by pulling out people's teeth for nothing? "Did you ever hear the like? did you ever hear the same?" to quote the refrain of the old song which never failed to move Charles the Second to mirth when it was sung to him by Tom Chiffinch. Very likely the "Five Women-Barbers who lived in Drury-lane" were tooth-drawers as well as shavers. But I doubt whether they ever plucked out molars or incisors gratuitously.

G. A. S.



## BIRMINGHAM: THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

Some of us can remember how, in the exciting and rather alarming days of political agitation for the Reform Bill of 1832, when it was feared that the men of Birmingham would march upon London, old-fashioned speakers, Henry Brougham for one, were taxed with vulgarity for calling that ancient provincial town "Brummagem"; while their Tory opponents took up the supposed misnomer, and converted it, as they thought fit, into a disparaging proverb for the source of cheap and spurious inventions. But the old name, in its sound upon the tongue, though not in its perverted orthography, was nearly correct; "Brumwychem," according to Dugdale's antiquarian authority, was the freehold of a Saxon or Mercian thane in the time of King Edward the Confessor; in the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror, somehow or other, the name was written "Berningeha"; nevertheless, the old form of "Bromwicham" was frequent in local usage down to our grandfathers' time, kept in countenance by the unquestioned appellation of "West Bromwich" retained by one of the neighbouring towns. In the reign of Edward III., the Lords of the Manor were a family who styled themselves "De Bermingham," and who held it until the reign of Henry VIII., by which time, about 1538, it was noted in Leland's Itinerary as a seat of the hardware trade. "There be many smithies in the town," says Leland, "that use to make knives and all manner of cutlery tools, and many lorimers that make bits, and a great many nailers, so that a great part of the town is maintained by smiths, who have their coal and iron out of Staffordshire." Camden, likewise, in his "Britannia" of 1576, speaks of Bremicham or Breminham, as "swarming with inhabitants, and echoing with the noise of anvils, for the most part of them are smiths." In the wars of our ancestors, it is probable that these sturdy hammermen were too busy with forging swords, pike-heads, and battle-axes, or making breast-plates and morions, to appear often on the field; but they did so at the battle of Evesham, in the Barons' War, and they aided the Parliamentary army, in the seventeenth century, against King Charles, for which cause their town was attacked by Prince Rupert, sacked, and half destroyed. Birmingham, however, soon recovered and quickly advanced in prosperity, being a place, as Dugdale remarked in 1656, "very eminent for most commodities made of iron." Yet its population was only four thousand at the Restoration of Charles II. The introduction of gun-making, that is to say, the manufacture of muskets for the army, is noticed in 1690; while several visitors of that period attest the skill of "Bromicham" in manufacturing saddles and bridles, "swords, heads of canes, snuff-boxes, and other fine works of steel, cheaper and better here than even in famed Milan." A trade less commendable was the production of "counterfeit groats, made here and dispersed all over the kingdom," which may have been the true origin of the reproachful proverb associated with the name of "Brummagem"; though some people would also talk of guns that burst at the first discharge, and of other worthless wares, like Peter Pindar's razors, not made to shave but "to sell." By degrees, however, the Birmingham craftsmen acquired a reputation for honesty as well as ingenuity; they were hampered by no trades' guilds with restrictive rules, and Dissenters of all complexions were freely admitted to local society, insomuch that a lady in 1765 was surprised to see a Quaker's establishment occupied with the making of guns. Birmingham was already "a large, well-built, populous town," in a healthy and open situation, upon a hill, near the west bank of the small river Tame, with pleasant meadows around it, watered by the Rea and Hockley brooks. It furnished buckles to the shoes and metal buttons to the coats of the whole nation, and found a market for its goods in many countries of Europe and America. William Hutton, who published his "History of Birmingham" in 1781, reckoned up the number of his rich fellow-townsmen, three of whom, he observed, were each worth over £100,000. But, six years before that date, James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, had come to live in Birmingham, joining Matthew Boulton in the renowned Soho Works already commenced, where they employed a thousand men; thenceforth, as might be expected, the growth of Birmingham industries was gigantic. Now the town has increased to a population of nearly half a million; while, in commercial, political, and social importance, it is inferior to no other provincial town or city of the United Kingdom.

The later phases of local history, subsequent to those recorded by William Hutton, are narrated in an excellent work by Dr. J. Alfred Langford, which we reviewed ten years ago, upon the occasion of the memorable visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to that town. The population had then been doubled since 1841, and several fine public buildings had been erected, of which a description was given in this Journal at the time of their completion.

The Townhall, begun in 1832, but not finished till 1850, from the designs of Mr. T. Hansom, stands in a commanding situation, at the junction of several main streets, and is an edifice of classical style, copied from the Temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, with lofty colonnades rising from a massive and elevated basement. The pillars and other ornamental parts are of Anglesey marble; there are forty columns, each of 3 ft. 6 in. diameter. The great hall in the interior, 145 ft. long, 65 ft. broad, and 65 ft. high, with an orchestra and a very fine organ, has witnessed, at the triennial Birmingham Musical Festivals, performances of much celebrity; it was here, in 1846, that Mendelssohn produced his oratorio of "Elijah." The Municipal or Corporation Buildings, which include the Council House, at the corner of Anne-street and Congreve-street, with Eden-place in the rear, were erected between 1874 and 1879, at a cost of £145,000. The architect was Mr. Yeovil Thomasson. The general style of architecture is Corinthian; the pediments are adorned with groups of life-size figures, representing Britannia giving rewards for industry, and Manufacture, Commerce, Art, Science, and Literature; a beautiful mosaic work ornaments the arch of the central doorway. The building contains ninety-four rooms, one of which is the handsome Council Chamber, and there are three reception-rooms, divided by an open screen with marble columns; the offices of the Town Clerk, the Borough Treasurer, and other municipal officers, are in this building.

Our Illustrations of some of the notable features of Birmingham are partly taken from Mr. Poulton's series of photographic views. In New-street, which is the best-frequented thoroughfare, leading north-west from the London and North-Western Railway Station to the centre of the town, is King Edward VI.'s Grammar School, an educational establishment of high reputation; the present building was erected in 1833, from Perpendicular Gothic designs by Sir Charles Barry. The Midland Institute, opened in 1857, for classes in many branches of mental instruction, at very low fees, stands also in this street, with an extension in Paradise-street; and near to it, in Edmund-street, behind the Townhall, is the noble College of Science, founded and endowed by the late Sir Josiah Mason, a munificent benefactor of the town and neighbourhood. It is a stately and ornamental building, in the French thirteenth-century style, designed by Mr. J. A. Cossins.

The several edifices we have mentioned would have had a better architectural effect, viewed in combination, if the sites had been more advantageous, or if they could have been placed on different sides of a vast square; as it is, there is an apparent disorder in their relative position. The Central Free Library, in Ratcliffe-place, has been erected to repair the loss of the admirable Reference Library, destroyed by fire on Jan. 41, 1879; the contents of which, indeed, including the Shakspeare Memorial Library, the Staunton Collection of Warwickshire historical antiquities, Mr. Bragge's Cervantes Library, and several most valuable collections of manuscripts, pedigrees, title-deeds and other documents, pamphlets, tracts, and engravings, were an irreparable loss. Mr. Samuel Timmins and the late Rev. George Dawson merit remembrance for their zealous personal exertions in procuring these literary collections, which surpassed those existing in any other provincial town. Among other public buildings worthy of note are the Parish-offices, which are somewhat too ornate, at the corner of Edmund-street and Newhall-street; the Post-office, in Paradise-street; and the Exchange buildings, in Stephenson-place, near the railway station. Statues of the late Prince Consort (by Foley), Sir Robert Peel, James Watt, the Rev. Dr. Priestley, and Mr. George Dawson, are placed near the Townhall; with a memorial fountain, to commemorate the services of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., formerly Mayor of Birmingham. In the Bull Ring, a large open space before St. Martin's Church, south of the New-street Railway Station, is a bronze statue of Lord Nelson.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, laid the foundation-stone of an intended building, the New Law Courts, of which we give an illustration in our large Engraving. Its principal front, in Corporation-street, will be executed in terra-cotta, which is considered to be a material likely to resist, better than stone, the damaging effects of a smoky atmosphere. The architects are Mr. Aston Webb, of 19, Queen Anne's-gate, Westminster, and Mr. Ingress Bell. The style is Tudor Gothic, enriched with many ornamental details in harmony with the general composition; and the central main entrance, with its circular doorway surmounted by a pediment containing sculpture, the balustrade rising to an angle beneath a projecting turret, flanked by two lower turrets with cupolas, will have a good effect; the central part of the façade, with its grand windows, the dominant oriel in the roof, also the towers, and the gables of the wing buildings, equally well bear out the character of this architectural design. The interior will contain a fine hall, 80 ft. long and 40 ft. wide, the large windows of which are to be filled with stained glass, a Queen's Jubilee memorial, representing some events of her Majesty's reign; two large Assize Courts, with rooms for the Judges and the juries, and a Bar Library; three Borough Courts, and a Coroner's Court, with offices and waiting-rooms; above these will be Grand Jury rooms, and other apartments; in the basement will be a police-station, with cells for prisoners. The whole building, which will cost £78,000, is to be constructed at the expense of the Birmingham Corporation.

The preparations in the town for a festive exhibition of loyalty, upon the occasion of the Queen's visit, are partly shown in our Illustrations of the Floral Arch in the Bull Ring, where she was to pass on her way from the Small Heath railway station, near the Coventry-road; the Metalworkers' Arch, in Colmore-row, and the Gunmakers' Arch, in Corporation-street. We also give the Portraits of the Mayor of Birmingham, the Town Clerk, and the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Corporation. Some Illustrations of the proceedings on Wednesday, and a few additional views of Birmingham, will appear in our next publication.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor at half-past ten on Wednesday morning, and arrived a quarter-past one, at the Small Heath Station, where she was received by the Mayor and Mayoress of Birmingham, and by the Lord-Lieutenant and the High Sheriff of the county of Warwick. The Royal party entered carriages, in which they drove, with an escort of the 15th Hussars, through Small Heath Park, where the volunteer cadet battalion formed a guard of honour, and the children of the Birmingham schools greeted her, singing the National Anthem. Her Majesty then drove along the Coventry-road, through Bordesley, Deritend, and Digbeth, into the town, and passed up New-street, stopping at King Edward's Grammar School to receive a Latin address from the scholars. The Queen entered the Townhall, while the National Anthem was sung by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, and a loyal address from the Corporation was there presented to her Majesty; after which the Royal party took luncheon in the committee-room. A procession of carriages was formed to escort her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, with the Mayor and Corporation, through the principal streets, which were handsomely decorated; and, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of many thousands of people, the Royal visitors terminated their progress at the site of the intended new Law Courts, in Corporation-street. Here the Queen was greeted by a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen, in whose presence, after a prayer offered by the Bishop of Winchester, and the reading of an address and reply, she took the trowel and mallet, and performed the ceremonial act of laying the foundation-stone of the "Victoria Law Courts." Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses left Birmingham at half-past four, from the Snow-hill Station, returning to Windsor by the Great Western Railway. The day was, by Royal proclamation, made a general holiday in the town of Birmingham.

The Lincolnshire Handicap was won on Wednesday by Mr. Manton's Oberon; Renny being second, and Isobar third.

Mr. George Robert Tyler, citizen and stationer, was on Tuesday elected unanimously an Alderman of the City of London for the ward of Queenhithe, in the room of Mr. H. J. Waterford, resigned.

Lord Justice Fry and Lord Justice North have contributed towards the £1000 being asked for by the Bethnal-green Free Library Committee, for the further development of the work.

The Vice-Chancellor of Victoria University (Professor Ward) has received an official communication stating that her Majesty's Government have decided to make a grant of £2000 a year from State funds in aid of that University, from April 1 next.

The sixteenth annual football-match between Association teams representing England and Scotland took place at Blackburn last Saturday, resulting in a victory for Scotland by three goals to two.—A football-match between teams representing Scotland and Wales was decided at Wrexham on Monday in favour of Scotland by two goals to none.

The Duke of Cambridge presided at the fortieth anniversary festival of the Earlwood Asylum for Idiots, on Tuesday, at Willis's Rooms, King-street. Hitherto the society had been successful. The receipts for the past five years amounted to £31,000, with an average expenditure of £27,000; but last year the annual donations and subscriptions very seriously decreased. Donations and subscriptions amounting to about £1500 were announced.

## THE QUEEN AT OLYMPIA.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Saturday last, gave a high treat to three of her little grandchildren, while conferring a rare favour and much honour upon a recently opened place of popular entertainment. Accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, she took Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Alice of Albany—whose ages, respectively, are five, four, and four years—to see a special performance of the Paris Hippodrome Company, with its stud of horses and its menagerie, in the vast range of new exhibition buildings called "Olympia," the National Agricultural Hall, adjacent to the West Kensington Railway Station. Her Majesty was attended by the Countess of Errol, as lady in waiting, and by Colonel Bigge and Colonel Carrington as equerries. The Queen, arriving at eleven o'clock, was received by the Earl of Lathom, chairman of the National Agricultural Hall Company, Mr. Henry Waterlow (deputy-chairman), Major-General Duncan Baillie, and Mr. W. Armine Bevan. The Earl of Lathom offered a bouquet to her Majesty on behalf of the company, and another, of choice exotics, was presented by Mlle. Ciniselli, the second principal rider, in the name of the Hippodrome Company. A bath-chair had been provided for her Majesty to convey her to her seat; but she declined to avail herself of it, and walked quickly, conducted by the Earl of Lathom, to the dais, erected in the centre of the grand promenade. On her appearance the attendants respectfully uncovered, and the orchestra played "God Save the Queen," her Majesty standing during the anthem. No spectators were admitted except the Royal party.

The Queen, who seemed to be in excellent health and spirits, then took her seat, having on her right hand Princess Henry of Battenberg. When the Queen appeared the sun shone brightly into the building, and her Majesty soon changed her fur-trimmed coat for a thin black shawl, and sent for her parasol, which was brought to her by a gillie, and which she kept up throughout the performance. The programme, which had previously been submitted to her Majesty and had received her approval, was gone through, as follows:—Olympian Race, by four riders; the manege of a highly-trained horse, Star of the North, ridden by Mlle. Antoinette Gantard; the "Post," of thirty-two horses, driven by M. Lacaille; the Triple Tandem of jumping horses, driven by M. Lucotte; a flat race, ridden by five ladies; a race of three two-horse Roman chariots, driven by ladies; a four-horse chariot-race, in which three male drivers contended; the amusing tricks of two elephants, Jock and Jenny, which played at see-saw on a swinging plank, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Lockhart; a race of wild ponies; and, finally, thirty-two lady riders in the "manœuvre diabolique." The Queen took great interest in every feature of the performance, watching the races closely, and displaying manifest anxiety as to the result of each. The performing elephants, Jock and Jenny, appeared to give especial pleasure, the whole party laughing heartily at their antics. More than once the Queen clapped her hands slightly in token of approval.

At the conclusion of the performance the Queen rose, and on passing her grandchildren stopped and spoke to each of them. While the orchestra once more played the National Anthem, the director of the Hippodrome, M. Houcke, had the honour of being presented to her Majesty, a distinction that was also accorded to Mr. Frederick Vincent, secretary to the company, and Mr. Schneegans. The Queen graciously spoke a few words to a pensioner named Champion, in the employment of the company, who, among numerous other decorations, wears the Victoria Cross. The Royal party then went to inspect the harness-room and stables, the orchestra playing lively airs during their progress. The Queen appeared greatly interested in what she saw, and frequently stopped to examine a particular animal. Her Majesty walked all the way, and did not appear in the least fatigued, although the area covered by the stables is extensive. On reaching a den of performing lions their trainer, Mr. Seeth, presented her Majesty with a basket containing three lion cubs, nearly a fortnight old, born in the Hippodrome. The Queen played with the little animals, and showed them to her grandchildren, who were delighted with them. On coming to the part set aside for the troupe of performing elephants, with which lives the great Danish hound Cæsar, her Majesty stooped and touched one of the huge beasts on the ear. She then fed the animals with cakes, and put several questions as to how they were trained. Having completed the tour of the stables, the Royal party re-entered their carriages, leaving the building about twenty-five minutes past twelve, and returned to Buckingham Palace. The Queen expressed to the Earl of Lathom her entire satisfaction with the whole arrangements that had been made for her. She said that the performance surpassed anything of the kind that she had ever seen before, and expressed a wish to be supplied with photographs of the buildings and stables. We may give another illustration next week.

The Duke of Abercorn presided on the 17th inst. at the annual dinner of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, when subscriptions to the amount of £720 were announced.

Lord Herschell presided last Saturday at the annual dinner of the Home for Little Boys held at the Hôtel Métropole. In response to his appeal for funds £1120 was given.

The 5000th number of the *Observer* was published last Sunday. It is believed to be the oldest living weekly newspaper in the metropolis, with the exception of the *London Gazette*.

The Victoria Jubilee almshouses at Kendal, mentioned in our last issue, are the gift of Mr. Sleddall, and will cost, with endowment, £12,000.

The Home Secretary has written to the secretary of the Royal Yorkshire Jubilee Exhibition, Saltaire, informing him that Princess Beatrice will represent her Majesty at the opening of the exhibition on May 6 next.

We have received some Easter cards from Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., and others (by Messrs. Prang and Co., of Boston, America) from Mr. Arthur Ackermann. The names of these firms are sufficient warranty for the excellence of their productions.

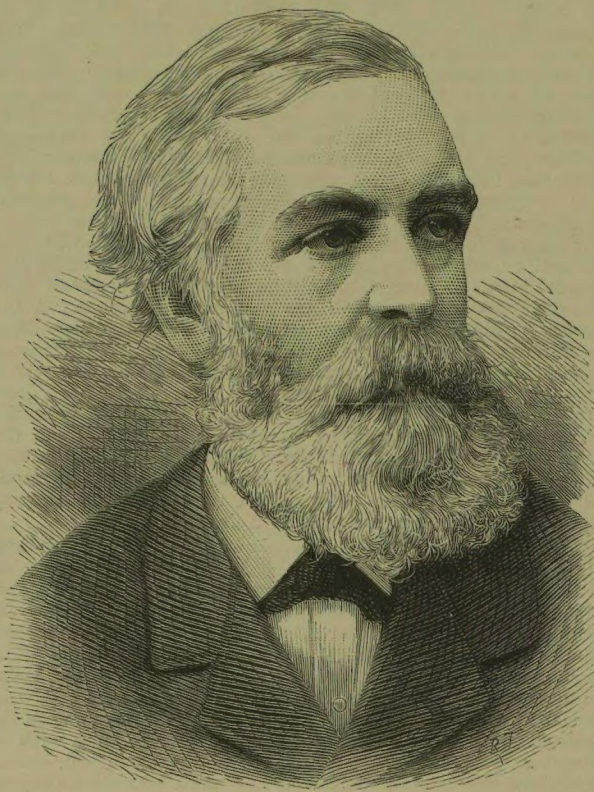
Our Portrait last week of the Marquis of Lothian, the new Secretary of State for Scotland, was from a photograph by Messrs. E. and R. Lavis, of Eastbourne. The Portraits of Alderman Martineau, the Mayor of Birmingham, and of Mr. Lawley Parker, are from photographs by Mr. John Collier, of New-street, Birmingham; and that of the Town Clerk is from one by Mr. R. W. Thrupp, of the same town.

General Sir Edward Hamley, M.P., presided on Monday night at the 109th anniversary banquet of the Highland Society of London, which took place at the Hôtel Métropole. The company numbered about 100 gentlemen. In proposing "The Highland Society of London," the chairman said he imagined that it was one of the best national societies. It concerned itself in the conservation of Highland people, and in helping many young Highlanders to make a first start in life. He then pointed out the services rendered by the Highland regiments in the Egyptian campaign, and regretted that those services had not been more generally recognised.





LAWLEY PARKER, ESQ.,  
CHAIRMAN OF RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



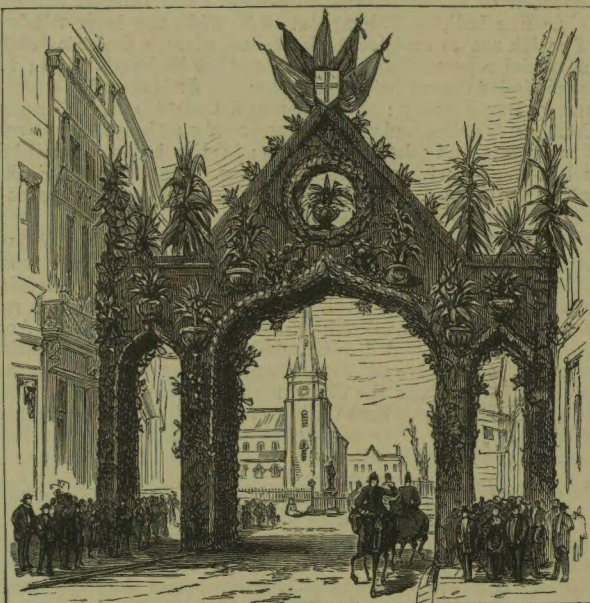
THOMAS MARTINEAU, ESQ.,  
MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM.



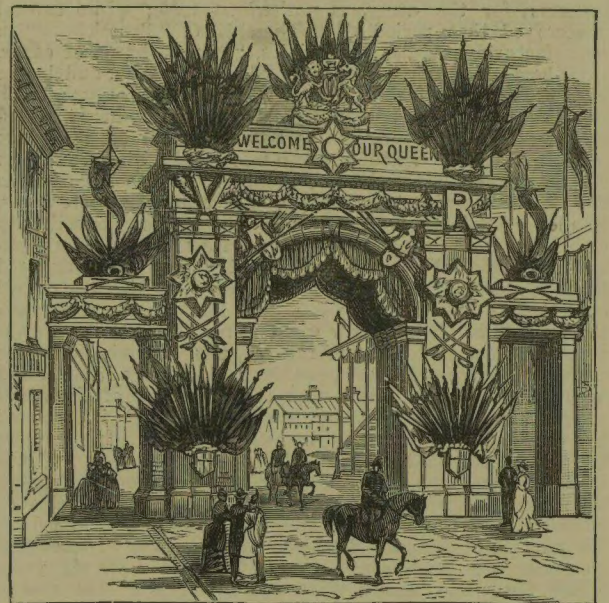
J. ORFORD SMITH, ESQ.,  
TOWN CLERK OF BIRMINGHAM.



METAL-WORKERS' ARCH, COLMORE-ROW.



FLORAL ARCH, BULL RING.



GUN-MAKERS' ARCH, CORPORATION-STREET.

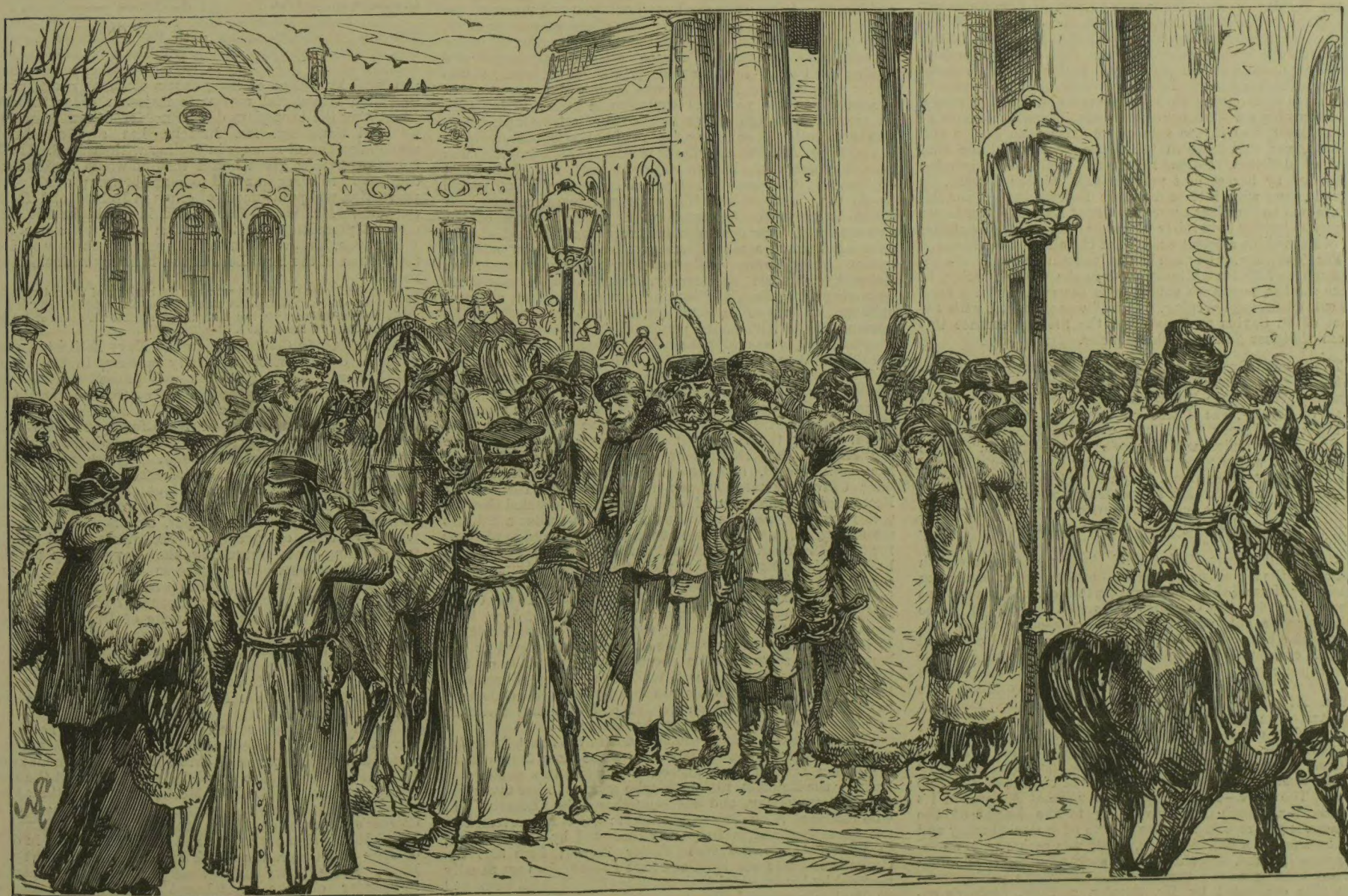


NEW-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.





THE ANITCHKOFF PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III.



OUTSIDE THE CITADEL CHURCH, ST. PETERSBURG.

THE ATTEMPT TO MURDER THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The opening of Mr. Mapleson's early season at this establishment on March 12 and the performance of the following Tuesday were noticed by us last week. On the Thursday, Donizetti's "La Favorita" was given, the week's performances having terminated on the Saturday with Flotow's "Martha." On the earlier of the two occasions now referred to Mdlle. Hastreiter made her first appearance here as Leonora. The lady had before been heard in this country, having sung at a concert of American music given at the Crystal Palace by Mr. Pratt in October, 1885. Mdlle. Hastreiter is one of the many vocalists who have come to us from America. She has the advantage of a good stage presence, and a strong perception of dramatic effect, particularly in declamatory passages. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, of sufficiently extensive range, but somewhat unequal in quality. Among her best efforts was her delivery of the air "O mio Fernando," and portions of her share in the important music of the last act. It is probable that Mdlle. Hastreiter will be heard to more advantage in some other character better suited to her vocal powers. As Baldassare, Signor Miranda appeared for the first time, and displayed a sonorous bass voice, which he did not use to the best advantage. Signor Ravelli, as Fernando, acted and sang with great effect in the more demonstrative passages, and M. Lhérie, as Alfonso, maintained the favourable impression previously made by him. In the incidental divertissement Mdlle. Hayten achieved a success by her very skilful dancing.

Last Saturday's performance of "Martha" included two first appearances; the character of Lady Enrichetta (Martha) having been filled by Mdlle. Engle, and that of Nancy by Mdlle. Borghi. The first-named débutante (another importation from America) has a handsome presence, a graceful figure, and refined manner. Her voice is a light soprano, bright although not powerful in quality, and of extensive upper range. She has considerable fluency of execution, her intonation and phrasing are good, and, in operas of a light character, such as "Martha," she cannot fail to be welcome. Among several effective points in her performance last week was the delivery of the romanza "Qui sola, vergin rosa" ("The Last Rose of Summer"), which was encored. Mdlle. Borghi was a pleasing representative of Nancy, and her agreeable mezzo-soprano voice told well in the music of the character. The modern dresses of the two ladies were curiously at variance with the surrounding costumes of a long-past period. Signor Ravelli was excellent as Lionello; Signor Del Puente, as Plunket, was, as heretofore, genial in action and artistic in singing; and Signor Ciampi repeated his well-known farcical representation of Lord Tristan. The orchestra and chorus were satisfactory, and Signor Logheder again officiated as conductor.

For this week four performances were announced, beginning with "Il Trovatore" on Monday. This occasion included the first appearance of Mdlle. Gutri as Leonora, and the re-appearance, as Azucena, of Mdlle. Hastreiter. The first-named lady was somewhat overweighted in the very arduous character sustained by her, and we must await some future opportunity for pronouncing on her merits, which are such as will probably be more favourably displayed in a part of a less exacting kind. Mdlle. Hastreiter quite maintained the favourable impression previously made by her, and Signor Ravelli, as Manrico, sang with genuine dramatic power. M. Lhérie, as the Count di Luna, again proved himself an excellent actor; but his vocalisation was, in some instances, scarcely so effective as on previous occasions.

On Tuesday evening, Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" was given, with Mdlle. Fohstrom in the character of the heroine—in which part she first appeared, at the Royal Italian Opera, in July, 1885. Again, on Tuesday, she displayed artistic vocalisation, and genuine pathos and sentiment in the music of the part—her powers, in every respect, having apparently been further developed since her previous performances here. In the opening cavatina, her singing was alternately expressive and brilliant, and in the subsequent duets with Enrico and Edgardo, and still more in the contract-scene and the final scene of delirium, Mdlle. Fohstrom, produced a genuine impression by her earnest performance. Signor Ravelli, as Edgardo, sang with intense dramatic feeling, and Signor Del Puente was an excellent representative of Enrico—subordinate characters having been fairly well sustained. Signor Logheder has continued his efficient exercise of the office of conductor.

For Thursday, "Carmen" was announced, with the re-appearance of Madame Minnie Hauk in the title-character, in which she has heretofore gained such deserved celebrity here. For this (Saturday) evening, "Faust" was promised, with the début of M. Caylus as Faust, and the first appearance this season of Signor Foli as Mephistopheles.

The London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, conducted by Mr. Henschel, completed their first season with the sixteenth performance last week. The programme, although devoid of novelty, was of strong interest, the orchestral pieces having been Weber's "Jubilee" overture, Schubert's great symphony in C major, and Wagner's "Kaiser-Marsch." These instrumental works were contrasted by Lohengrin's Legend and Farewell to Elsa (from Wagner's "Lohengrin"), finely sung by Mr. E. Lloyd. Mr. Henschel was warmly received on the termination of the important series of concerts organised by him. A second season (also of sixteen concerts) will begin on November 15.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave the eighth concert of the sixteenth season on Saturday afternoon, when Rossini's "Messe Solennelle" was performed. This work was composed in 1863, and was first performed (privately) in the following year, only with the accompaniment of two pianofortes and a harmonium, having been subsequently enhanced by full orchestral accompaniments. In this latter shape it was performed, for the first time in this country, at St. James's Hall, in 1869, when the solo vocalists were Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Scalchi, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley. The gentleman last named again rendered the bass music in the performance of last week now referred to, the other soloists having been Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd—all of whom, it need scarcely be said, rendered their respective shares of the music with due effect. The work—like the previous "Stabat Mater" of its composer—although nowhere rising to the height of the sublime, is yet replete with the charm of melodic beauty and the impress of a bright genius, which was perhaps more sympathetically—and, therefore, more successfully—exercised in secular than in sacred composition. Saturday's performance was ably conducted by Mr. Barnby, and Dr. Stainer's co-operation at the grand organ was a valuable feature in the general effect.

At the Crystal Palace evening Promenade Concerts a new national hymn, composed in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee, "Awake, O happy Nation!" has been given with great effect: the first verse sung by a chorus of boys, the full choir and military band joining in the refrain; the second verse given as a solo by a treble voice; and the last rendered in full harmony. It was again much applauded. Both words

and music of this anthem are of a character well adapted for congregations and schools. The words are by Henry Rose, and the music by J. Munro Coward.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are approaching the end of their twenty-ninth season. Madame Schumann again appeared as solo pianist at the concert of last Saturday afternoon, and that of the following Monday evening; her performances on each occasion having been of the same high character as heretofore. An extra concert will be given on April 1; and the one-thousandth performance will take place on the 4th of that month, when, in recognition of the admirable management of Mr. Arthur Chappell, it has been determined to present him with a testimonial (some old silver plate) and an address of thanks on the occasion. For this purpose, subscriptions are being received by Mrs. Bartle J. L. Frere, 46, Bedford-square. No doubt large numbers of those who have enjoyed the delightful performances originated and so ably directed by Mr. Chappell will contribute to the desired object.

Messrs. Coenen and Wiener gave their second concert of chamber music at Prince's Hall on Wednesday evening.

The second Philharmonic Concert of the present series was announced for last Thursday evening. The programme included a concertante quartet for wind instruments by Mozart, Mr. Cowen's Scandinavian symphony, and other features. Herr Schönberger's third pianoforte recital was announced for yesterday (Friday) afternoon, also at St. James's Hall; where, in the evening, the Sacred Harmonic Society completed its season, the late Sir Michael Costa's oratorio "Eli" having been announced for performance. Of this we must speak next week.

This (Saturday) afternoon, Herr Hausmann is to give the first of two violoncello recitals at Prince's Hall.

A concert of the London Academy of Music will take place at St. James's Hall, and a recital of Mr. Cowen's songs at Steinway Hall, next Tuesday; the series of Novello's oratorio concerts will close next Wednesday evening with a performance of Gounod's oratorio, "Mors et Vita"; and, on the same day, the first of three concerts by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir will be given. On the following Friday evening there will be—also at St. James's Hall—an orchestral concert of the students of the Royal Academy of Music.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society has given the third subscription concert of the season, at the Highbury Athenæum, with a sterling programme.

## THE PLOT TO MURDER THE CZAR.

We gave a brief account, last week, of the detection at St. Petersburg of an atrocious conspiracy to murder the Emperor Alexander III., by similar means to those employed in the murder of his father, the use of explosive shells, on Sunday the 13th inst., the anniversary of the day when Alexander II. was killed in 1881. The Emperor and Empress, with the Czarevitch and the Grand Duke George, had been residing in the Anitchkoff Palace, and it was known that, on this Sunday, at an appointed hour, they would go to the Cathedral Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, to attend the funeral service performed in commemoration of the death of the late Emperor. At the corner of the Nevsky Prospekt and the Morskaia, by which the carriage of the Imperial family would pass, five or six men, and perhaps more, had stationed themselves for the purpose of murder. Their appearance and gestures attracted the notice of the police, and they were promptly arrested, a little while before the Emperor, with the Empress and her sons, two youths aged nearly sixteen and nineteen, set out from the Anitchkoff Palace. One of the persons arrested, wearing the dress of a student of the University, carried under his arm what seemed to be a large book, properly bound, and having the title of the law code printed on the back; it was really a metal case, in which was contained a quantity of dynamite or some powerful explosive, in a glass vessel, with an apparatus for igniting it by the aid of a long tape, which was to be pulled after laying or throwing the machine beneath the carriage. Another machine of similar murderous device was carried by one of the men in a bag or parcel; and, if they had exploded, in that crowded street, a large number of people would have been killed. The cases or shells contained each about twenty bullets, coated with poison. Three of the assassins, with their concealed instruments of death, had been seen together, in a neighbouring coffee-shop, a few minutes before. They were students of the University of St. Petersburg, named Anderevsky, Petroff, and Gueneraloff, belonging to the Nihilist or Anarchist sect of conspirators, while two or three others were apparently of the peasant class. All carried poison on their persons, and it is assumed that it was their intention to commit suicide if they should be taken by the police. As it happened, however, they had no opportunity of swallowing the deadly drugs with which they were provided. On the night following the capture of the assassins, many arrests were made in all parts of the capital. On the Vasily-ostroff alone fifty persons were taken, among them being twenty females attending the lectures at the Bestusheff Institute. This Institute has been closed, and the students of the St. Petersburg University were on the 17th inst. threatened by the Rector with a suspension of the lectures. It is stated that the police have discovered in the Pouschkarskaia-oulitz a Nihilist meeting-place, in which a secret printing-press and appliances for the manufacture of infernal machines were found. It is believed that Degayeff, the murderer of Sudeikin, lately arrested at Kieff, is the ringleader of the nefarious plot. What is more alarming is that three of the best officers in the Czar's Bodyguard Grenadiers, natives of South Russia, have been arrested on suspicion of being accomplices of the Nihilists. It is stated that they and others have been hanged at the barracks, by sentence of a court-martial. A week or two before these events, the secret Nihilist Committee addressed a letter to the Czar, informing him that he had been condemned to death at a sitting held on Feb. 22, and that fifty members had been appointed to carry out the sentence.

The Anitchkoff Palace, which stands in the Great Prospekt, near the Fontanka Canal, derives its name from the owner of a mansion formerly existing on that site; this palace was built by the Empress Elizabeth, who gave it to her favourite, Count Rasumoffsky, and was repurchased by Catherine II., who bestowed it on Prince Potemkin; but it has reverted to the Sovereign, and is frequently inhabited by the Emperor, in preference to the vast Winter Palace; here also the Councils of State are held, and here Ambassadors are usually received by his Imperial Majesty. The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul is connected with the citadel or fortress and prison of that name, situated on an island of the Neva, opposite the Imperial Palaces, approached by the Troitska Bridge. This church, or cathedral, is distinguished by its tall and slender gilt spire, 340 ft. high; but its interior, though gorgeously decorated with gilding, painting, and precious stones, and hung with old military flags, has a gloomy and dingy aspect. It contains the white marble tombs of all the Russian Emperors since Peter the Great, each covered with a red pall, on which the name is inscribed.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

"Ireland blocks the way!" This graphic phrase, used by Mr. Gladstone in his notable speech at Mr. Barran's dinner to Yorkshire members on the Seventeenth of March, still pithily sums up our Parliamentary position. It was chiefly the persistent opposition of the Irish Home Rulers that inflicted upon us the first prolonged "all-night" sitting of the Session. The House of Commons met at the usual hour of four on Monday afternoon, and hon. members did not separate till twenty minutes past one on Tuesday afternoon: a sitting of twenty-one hours and over! It being clearly impossible for poor legislative humanity to stand the fatigue and worry of a revival of these intolerably protracted sittings, the Government will be compelled soon to supplement its Closure rules by pressing the House to pass the sensible regulation terminating each sitting about midnight. And the sooner this reform is effected the better. Still, even when the House has firmly resolved to curtail its hours within rational limits, the cry will yet be, "Ireland blocks the way!" In a week noticeable for a renewal of the bitter Parliamentary strife engendered by so-called "Coercion" debates, it may at first blush appear hopeless to look for a solution of the Irish problem. An impartial observer, however, cannot fail to have discerned many points of agreement; and these might, with a will, be made the bases of a generally fair and satisfactory settlement of the land and administrative questions—the disposal of which in this present Session would undeniably be the happiest of all Jubilee celebrations.

From the harsh clangour too often prevailing in the Commons, it is a solace to escape occasionally to the quiet refuge of "another place," where the Irish cease from troubling and Ministers are at rest. The Marquis of Salisbury, so far in fashion that he caught a bad cold last week, one learnt with regret, has been compelled to absent himself from the House of Lords for a few days. But under the business-like presidency of Lord Halsbury, and with the Prince of Wales now and then looking on approvingly, prior to the departure of his Royal Highness for Berlin, legislation has been continuously conducted with due deliberation and dispatch. So much so that the energetic new Irish Secretary had ample warrant for his complimentary allusion to the Upper House when he announced on Tuesday that the ameliorative measures respecting the Irish land laws would be introduced by the Government "in another place, where business is done more expeditiously than it is here." It is to be hoped these projected bills will be brought in forthwith.

One of the best spent evenings of the Session in the Commons was that of the Seventeenth of March. It was devoted to the Navy. The Admiralty was thoroughly overhauled. Rhetorical broadsides were poured into our ironclads. Mr. Gourley's technical speech, praying for a select committee to sit upon (in a double sense) the designs for ships of war, would have been more effective had the hon. member but mastered the art of clear argument and clear delivery. These serviceable essentials to lucidity in debate rendered the criticisms of Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Sir E. J. Reed, and the bold defensive answers of Mr. Forwood and Lord George Hamilton, acceptably plain and pungent. Ere the three millions or so applied for were voted, it was made manifest that Lord Randolph Churchill's resolute stand in favour of economy in the Services is steadfastly borne in mind by the First Lord and the Secretary to the Admiralty. Once assured that efficiency and thrift are guaranteed by the Admiralty, legislators will without anxiety give themselves up to the enjoyment of the Jubilee Naval Review which her Majesty is to attend on the Twenty-third of July.

The twenty-one-and-a-half hours' sitting of Monday-Tuesday practically began with the Ministerial announcements, which were immediately pounced upon as bones of contention by the Parnellite party, whose jeers were promptly answered by volleys of lusty cheers eloquently testifying the inflexible Ministerial resolve to maintain order in Ireland. Emulating the exemplary distinctness of utterance cultivated by Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour has also acquired his uncle's decision of manner in dealing with Ireland. The Irish Secretary having given notice that he would on the morrow ask leave "to bring in a Bill to make better provision for the prevention and punishment of crime in Ireland, and for other purposes," Mr. W. H. Smith said it would be his duty to demand precedence for the motion of his right hon. friend. Whereupon, Mr. John Morley announced that he would meet the motion of the First Lord of the Treasury with this amendment:—

That this House declines to set aside the business of the nation in favour of a measure for increasing the stringency of the criminal law in Ireland, while no effectual security has been taken against the abuse of the law by the exaction of excessive rents.

There ensued, in Committee on the Navy Estimates, another valuable discussion of Admiralty matters, in the course of which Lord George Hamilton was praised by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre for the reforms he had set on foot, and Lord Charles Beresford, in his frank and candid style, added his contribution to the treasury of navy facts. The Government were evidently unprepared to battle through the small hours, and until past midday on Tuesday. Though armed with the Closure muzzling rule, Mr. Smith could not marshal a sufficient number of Ministerialists out of bed to apply it till twenty-five minutes to five on Tuesday morning. The Closure at length being effectually put, Mr. Smith obtained his requisite total of over 200 supporters; and the vote for clothing and victualling the Navy was secured. As though accustomed to go "home with the milk in the morning," Mr. Labouchere then opened fire against the Civil Service vote of £3,624,100 on account, and moved to report progress. But the Ministry, in spite of Dr. Tanner and Mr. Sexton, valiantly stood to their guns as hour after hour slipped by, and breakfast and luncheon time came and went. Ministerial endurance was at last rewarded. The money was obtained. Certain bills were advanced a stage. And, as before mentioned, the House rose at twenty minutes past one on Tuesday afternoon.

When the House reassembled a very few hours later, Mr. W. H. Smith cited ample grounds for bringing forward the new Repression of Crime Bill for Ireland, but added that the new Land bills would be submitted "at the earliest possible moment." Mr. John Morley, in moving the aforesaid amendment, justified it by referring to the report of Lord Cowper's Commission. Mr. Morley's earnest address, and Mr. Balfour's signally cogent and powerful answer in defence of Law and Order, were both excellent in their way. Mr. Henry Fowler's similarly strong and forcible argument in favour of the amendment was energetically and incisively replied to by Mr. Finlay as a Liberal Unionist. There was something in the dogged resolution with which Mr. Smith, Mr. Henry Matthews, Mr. Balfour, and Lord George Hamilton pressed their feet against the table, American fashion, that betokened the unswerving determination of the Ministry, still strong in the support of the Liberal Unionists, to hold fast by their Irish policy.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race takes place this (Saturday) afternoon; the start being fixed at 3.15.



## ART EXHIBITIONS.

We are so accustomed to find at the French Gallery (120, Pall-mall) works really representative of foreign schools of painting, that the opening of Mr. Wallis's collection to public appreciation is one of the leading events in the year-book of art. This year's display shows no falling off in general level of excellence, and is more especially marked by the harmony of colour which pervades the room. There is an absence of those "purple patches" which too frequently jar with their surroundings, and suggest comparisons by the lovers of bright and those of subdued colour which are fair or favourable to neither. Among the 120 works which are comprised in this collection at least half-a-dozen are remarkable: those by Holmberg, Firlé, Müller, and Heffner, all men, it will be remarked, who owe to Munich their art-training. There are, however, many other works in the gallery which deserve more than passing attention, and it is best to take them in order. The "Tric-trac Players" (6) of P. Joanowitz, in spite of its rich colouring and skilful composition, challenges comparison with Müller's treatment of a like subject exhibited here a few years back, and of the excellence of which it falls short. Three specimens of the rapidly waning French school of landscapists, of which Daubigny and Corot were the chiefs, explain, though somewhat inadequately, unless we except "L'Abreuvoir" (9) of the latter, the influence they once exercised upon their contemporaries. They make us, however, realise the very different stand-point taken by the now popular German school, of which Munich is the head-quarters. Professor L. C. Müller's "Camel Market" (15), although unfinished, conveys an accurate idea of the atmospheric and mental conditions under which Arab merchants conduct their business at Cairo. The somewhat dark shadows which mar the general harmony of the picture would doubtless have been modified were the work complete; but this is a defect which at all times makes Professor Müller's works just fall short of completeness. Herr Firlé's group of girls in black dress and a profusion of white muslin (34), singing or rehearsing Luther's Hymn to an old lady seated in a chair, is a very successful attempt to grapple with the difficulty of light. The majority of the girls are standing in front of a large window, through which one sees the red tiles and broad eaves of the opposite houses. In the centre of the canvas is the piano at which another of the girls is playing, her fixed face being in amusing contrast with the action thrown into the features of the singers. Of course, a picture of this sort, as well as the more complete and better composed "The Sower Soweth the Word" (73), a nun teaching in a village school, suggests comparison with painters like Leslie and Abbey and Millet, who have treated similar subjects, and whilst we recognise the technical merit of Herr Firlé's work, we prefer the ideal standard of our countrymen and cousins. An unfinished work by Charles Bargue, "In the Bazaar" (41), shows that, up to the last, this clever painter of Eastern life was making progress to a goal which he, unhappily, never quite attained; but C. Seiler's "Raid on a Secret Printing Office" (42) proves that the artist can, without detriment to his reputation, deal with episodes more dramatic than those limited to two personages, in which he has hitherto been accustomed to expend his strength and skill. The little gem entitled "The Reconciliation" (118), by the same artist, represents with sufficient historical accuracy the last visit of Reynolds to the dying Gainsborough. The latter is propped up in his sick chair eagerly reaching towards Reynolds's trumpet, into which he murmurs those last memorable words of devotion to his art. The sad scene is painted with all the minuteness of Herr Seiler's art, and he has been singularly successful in catching the likeness of the first President of the Royal Academy. Professor Holmberg's works are not less delicate and minute than Herr Seiler's, but they are conceived rather in the spirit of Terburg, and on a scale which permits of no slips or careless workmanship. Holmberg still finds use for the three typical ecclesiastics in red or purple, white and black dresses, materials for his purposes, and in "A Council of Peace" (45), as well as in "The Hour of Recreation" (112), he plays successfully on these notes. In each we have the richly-furnished room, through the open window of which we get a glimpse of the landscape; and in each the balance between the emotions portrayed on the men's countenances is balanced with Dutch-like accuracy by the value accorded to every detail of the room. The management of the light in the former picture is the more skilful, but in the latter the setting of the group seems to us more perfect. They are both very remarkable works, and should at once give this gallery a special prominence among the exhibitions of the year. Space fails us to speak as they deserve of Carl Marr's "Summer Idyll" (44), G. Von Bochmann's "Fishmarket at Revel" (57), Falkenberg's "Fisher Boy and Girl" (91), of which the title should be changed; G. Sell's "Outpost" (88), Herman Philips' "In the Days of Albrecht Dürer" (105), a careful study of a girl's face; Wopfner's "Pursuit of Poachers" (111), and K. Heffner's "Road to Ostia" (103), which, in spite of the somewhat heavy clouds, is perhaps the most successful of all his recent works.

At Mr. McLean's Gallery (7, Haymarket) the chief interest of the spring exhibition centres in Mr. J. E. Millais' "Fern Gatherer" (27), a girl in a spotted calico jacket carrying a basket of fresh-gathered ferns on her back. It is with regret that we say that the work, judged by the ordinary standard, will do nothing to increase the painter's reputation. The smooth-faced girl has the fixed features of a woman of forty, although they recall somewhat the artist's conception of Effie Deans. Where she has exercised her trade, or for how long, is left an unsolved riddle, for whilst the face is thoroughly English, the only ferns she has gathered are those indigenous to the Cape of Good Hope or New Zealand. It is, we know, long since Sir John Millais turned his back on the prosaic painters of truthful surroundings, but up till now he has never pushed poetic license so far as to annihilate the laws of both Nature and science. It is, therefore, with regret that we contrast with our veteran fellow-countryman's work that of a comparative new-comer, Harlamoff, whose "Brigand's Daughter" (52) seems to contain those qualities in which Sir J. Millais is most wanting. It is the study of a comparatively young girl, with long, unkempt hair streaming over a dark capote—carefully executed, and rich in colour, and at the same time bearing the mark of truthful possibility in its conception. Of the two single-figure studies by Mr. G. H. Boughton, "Winter" (14) and "Autumn" (21), we prefer the latter—a girl in a brownish-red cloak and black hat seated on a marble bench. It is painted with greater firmness and decision than many of this artist's otherwise attractive works. Mr. Peter Graham is well represented by a land-piece, "Highland Cattle" (15), and a sea-piece, "The Haunt of the Sea Gulls" (18), in which the effect of the sea breaking over the sunken rocks is especially fine. Rosa Bonheur's "Foraging Party" (17) is a group of wild boars breaking from their lair among the rocks and trunks of the Fontainebleau Forest—a work painted ten years ago, and full of the artist's power and freshness. "The Gondolier's Courtship" (21), by M. Eugène De Blaas, is another version of his already popular work, cleverly painted and skilfully drawn,

but woefully deficient in imaginative power. The only difference between this and the engraved work is that the girl is now seated on the top of the buttress against which the gondola is moored. Of the remaining works, the most noteworthy are Max Todd's "Music Lesson" (9); Pettie's "The Tiff" (5)—a humorous scene between two lovers of the last century, in a country lane; Andreotti's "Duet" (11); Favretto's "After Breakfast" (24) and "Wandering Thoughts" (30); and Madraz's "After the Bal Masque" (44)—a study in pink and white suggesting that, in some countries, ladies can look fresh and bright after an evening in a ball-room.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated May 28, 1885) of Mr. Henry Alexander Cowper, late of No. 29, Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin, and of Trudder, Newtown Mount, county Wicklow, who died on Jan. 16 last, to Mrs. Elizabeth Cowper, the widow, the Rev. George Thomas Stokes, and John James Digges La Touche, the executors, was re-sealed in London on the 17th inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £150,000. The testator gives £1000, his leasehold residence in Fitzwilliam-place, with the furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, wines, effects, horses and carriages, and his lands and buildings of Trudder, with the live and dead stock, crops, and other effects, to his wife; £350 to his executor the Rev. G. T. Stokes; and £250 to his executor Mr. La Touche. All his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £2500 per annum to his wife, for life, and, subject thereto, for all his children, in equal shares. The testator confirms his marriage settlement, and declares that the provision made for his wife and children by his will is in addition to that made for them by the said settlement, and not in substitution thereof.

The will (dated March 14, 1884), with a codicil (dated Aug. 17, 1886), of Mr. William Windham Farr, late of Iford, near Christchurch, in the county of Southampton, who died on Jan. 24 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by Ernest Lukin Wingrove, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £128,000. The testator leaves his real estate in the Isle of Wight and in the parishes of Christchurch and Holdenhurst, in the county of Southampton, to the eldest of the two sons of Elizabeth Farr Packer, and £5000 to each of her other children; the residue of his real estate to his cousin, Mary Paulina Lukin, for life, and then to the said eldest son of Elizabeth Farr Packer; £5000 each to James Lukin, William Hugo Lukin, and Mrs. Anna Banks; £2000 each to Augustus Stephen Lukin and Emily Lukin; and many other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths, upon trust, for the said Mary Paulina Lukin, for life, and at her death for the said James Lukin, William Hugo Lukin, Augustus Stephen Lukin, Emily Lukin, and Anna Banks.

The will (dated June 21, 1886) of Mr. Charles Binns, late of Clay-cross Hall, Derbyshire, who died on Jan. 12 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Joseph Challinor, Joseph Bower Siddall, Mrs. Florence Carrington and Mrs. Emily Rachael Rickman, the daughters, and Mrs. Julia Parker Binns, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £68,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and certain furniture and effects to his wife, and an annuity of £400 in addition to the annuity secured to her by settlement; the gold snuff-box presented to him by the coal-masters of the Midland district to his grandson, Charles Joseph Law Wilson; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one fourth of the income to each of his three daughters Mary Elizabeth Siddall, Florence Carrington, and Emily Rachael Rickman; and the remaining one fourth, at the discretion of his trustees, to the children of his deceased daughter Adeline Wilson. On the death of his surviving daughter the ultimate residue of his property is to be divided between all his grandchildren, equally.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 4, 1884), of Mr. Alfred Bishop, late of Severn Villa, Highbury New Park, manufacturing chemist, who died on Dec. 31 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by John William Kay Mrs. Sarah Bishop, the widow, and Walter Beacall Bishop, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testator gives £500, his household furniture and effects, and his horses and carriages in private use to his wife; his pictures to her for life; his residence to her for life or so long as she shall remain his widow; his business of a manufacturing chemist, with the stock and book debts, to his sons Walter and Alfred; £500 to the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road; £100 each to the London Dispensary, Church-street, Spitalfields, and the Poplar Hospital; and legacies to executors, employés, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood; and then as to one moiety, upon trust, for each of his said sons.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1884), with a codicil (dated May 27, 1886), of Mr. Henry Cheswright, late of No. 24, Kensington Gardens-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on the 1st ult., was proved on the 10th inst. by Stephen Pearce, and Charles Cheswright and Colonel Isaac Peatt Westmorland, R.E., the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator directs his executors to pay £5000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Mary Jane Pearce; and he bequeaths £1000 to his daughter Theresa Harriet Cheswright, and legacies to his executors. £4000 and one moiety of the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Theresa Harriet, for life, then for his daughter Mrs. Pearce, for life, and then for the children or remoter issue of the latter, as his daughter Theresa Harriet shall appoint; and the other moiety of the residue, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Pearce, for life, then for her husband, Stephen Pearce, for life, and then for her children or remoter issue as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1886) of Mr. John Jones Bennett, late of No. 167, Kingsland-road, and Woolmer Lodge, Stamford-hill, brewer's engineer, who died on Jan. 14 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Mrs. Emma Eliza Bennett, the widow, the Rev. William Frederick Clark, John Beal, and George Henry Sothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator gives £500 and his furniture and effects to his wife; £1000 each to his sons, John Thomas, James Edward, and Thomas Philip; his share in business, stock-in-trade, and business premises to his sons James Edward and Thomas Philip; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow, and then for all his children, except his said three sons.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1885), of Mr. James Barton, late of Oakley House, No. 196, Camden-road, and of No. 151, Oxford-street, who died on Nov. 20 last, was proved on the 3rd inst., by Mrs. Caroline Allen, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his executrix, but does not give any other legacy, or make any disposition of the residue of his property. The residue of his personal estate, therefore, becomes divisible among his next of kin, according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Women's Jubilee Fund, the idea of which was originated in this column, is proving a great success, subscriptions being freely obtained for it in towns where the Imperial Institute Fund is "hanging fire." It only remains for the women's offering to be applied in some way which will be thoroughly and permanently useful to our sex—in the direction, as I hope, of education, and of the training of young women for their life's duties, domestic and otherwise, rather than of those eleemosynary charities which can help so few, and which help in the worse way of alleviating, instead of the better one of preventing, want and suffering—for the whole matter to be eminently satisfactory.

I have now a new suggestion to offer, which I hope may be equally fortunate in its reception. It is well known that the male world—that portion of it which has any sort of a claim for a sprinkling from the fountain of honour—is all agog about the distribution of titles and ribbons which is expected to celebrate the completion of the Sovereign's half-century of reign. Surely, as that Sovereign is a woman, there should be some distribution of titles and decorations, in connection with this occasion, to distinguished women, as well as to men? The suggestion is by no means in opposition to precedent. Have we not the Baroness Burdett-Coutts raised to the Peerage for her eminent and wise philanthropy? Is there not the Indian order for ladies only? Moreover, as I mentioned here once before, ladies were Knights of the Garter in the beginning of the history of the most noble order. There is, then, full precedent for the recognition at this moment of the public services of women, either by peerages, or elevations of peeresses, or the bestowal of orders. Simple knighthood for women, with the title of "Lady" appended, is, perhaps, a new idea, but that is no reason for rejecting it. Why should not some veteran woman writer, like Mrs. Mary Howitt, or Mrs. Cowden Clarke, or Mrs. Oliphant, be knighted? Why should not Madame Albani be honoured for musical women, and Mrs. Jopling or Mrs. Ward or Mrs. Allingham be decorated for the female artists? Lady Aberdeen and the Duchess of Marlborough for public work in Ireland, Lady Dufferin and more than one other noble lady for efforts in India, Lady Burdett-Coutts, Lady Brabazon, or Lady Strangford, for untiring efforts for the poor and sick? These are but names chosen by chance as specimens of those whose services might be recognised. And would not the whole nation applaud and rejoice if a peerage were pressed upon the acceptance of the revered and honoured Miss Florence Nightingale?

The Princess of Wales wore opals, with a red satin Court robe much draped with white lace, at the recent Drawing-room. This may, perhaps, do something to restore one of the most beautiful of gems to popularity. It is probably the strange superstition about the "unluckiness" of opals that has caused them to fall in the market as they have done. One feels rather humiliated at finding that people with enough money to buy gems, and therefore presumably people of education, should be weak enough in this age of science to be influenced by such a superstition. For my part, I have a mania for opals; and being the possessor of an uncommonly fine specimen, as large as the thumb-nail, and of some smaller ones, and not having suffered therefrom, I shall be glad to have as many more such "misfortunes" as anybody likes to punish me withal. The belief in the power of gems as amulets is ancient enough; but this particular superstition against opals is not antique, for it used to be held that the opal, having the colours of all the other stones glowing in its heart, concentrated likewise all their mystic virtues.

Some of the old fancies about gems may have had an origin in facts, imperfectly understood. The Roman ladies, for instance, made amulets of amber, and wore strings of it round the throat to ward off quinsy and other affections of the sort. Now, the peculiar electrical properties of amber are scientific facts; and so little does science yet know of the relations between electricity and life that it is just possibly true that amber does have some sort of vitalising effect. Red coral and cornelians were also held good for health by the Romans. When a fond mother puts a coral necklace on her little one's neck nowadays, she does not think of averting witchcraft or preventing fits; but the people who avoid opals may be interested in the valuable news that Roman mothers ascribed these prophylactic virtues to coral. As to agate, it should be far more costly than it is, inasmuch as it causes men and women living under one roof to be always on good terms and in agreement; there should, therefore, be a considerable demand for agates. Pearls are particularly precious; they preserve beauty better than Dr. Anna Kingsford's most effective recipes. Diamonds restore peace between friends who have fallen out, which sounds as though, discreetly applied to practical fact, it might turn out to be quite true. The amethyst (also a stone out of fashion just now) has, according to tradition, a property, useless, indeed, to ladies, but susceptible of being put to proof—it enables its wearer to drink as much as ever he likes without becoming intoxicated! Would anybody penetrated with the opal superstition like to put this amethyst one to a practical test?

The decision of the Court of Appeal in Bombay in the case of Rukmibhai will be generally regretted. This lady is a highly-educated and unusually intelligent young Hindoo, who recently wrote a series of most vigorous and touching articles in *The Times of India* upon the present marriage and widowhood customs of her race. I read those articles with deep sympathy and a keener sense than ever of how sad life is apt to be to women. It appears that it is considered a point of honour in a good caste Hindoo family that no girl should remain unmarried; and the vicious system of polygamy renders it comparatively easy for a well-to-do father to marry off his daughters, inasmuch as there are even aged Brahmins who make a trade of marrying for the sake of a fee. The infant girls thus "married" may never see their so-called "husbands" again; but they can never marry in the true sense of the word; while their "husbands" live they are wives, and when those men die the wives become widows. Not only is a Hindoo widow forbidden to remarry, but her daily life is made a burden; the priests declaring that she is shown by her widowhood to be accursed for some sin committed in a previous existence.

This ill-treatment of widows adds to the infamy of child-marriage, but that in itself is obviously an atrocity. The Judges have just decided that the English law will not only wink at that disgraceful treatment of children, but will actually imprison a young woman who protests against being bound by a contract to which she never agreed. Rukmibhai is ordered to live as the wife of an ignorant, low, and consumptive man, to whom she was "married" without her own consent when she was only eleven; and if she will not do so, the English law sends her to prison. This is not as it should be. The principles upon which the British Government suppressed suttee, in defiance of the Hindoo priesthood, and upon which we have Vaccination Acts and Education Acts to protect young children in our own country against ignorant or neglectful parents, demand that the laws of the Empire shall at least cease to enforce, if they do not entirely prohibit, the cruel marriage of infant girls in part of the Queen's dominions.

F. F.-M.





THE NEW LAW COURTS AT BIRMINGHAM, THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF WHICH WAS LAID BY THE QUEEN ON WEDNESDAY.



## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

A Reuter's telegram from Copenhagen says:—"The journal *Dagbladet* states that King Christian intends to personally congratulate Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee."

The Duc d'Aumale has forwarded to the Prince of Wales a cheque for £500 in aid of the Imperial Institute fund, accompanied by a letter, in which he states that the contribution is a mark of his profound and respectful attachment to the Queen.

The forthcoming number of *Macmillan's Magazine* will contain an ode, written by Lord Tennyson, in honour of the Queen's Jubilee.

It was resolved at a public meeting held at High Wycombe that a large hall should be erected in commemoration of the Jubilee, that the children should be entertained to a tea, and that the poor should have a free dinner. The family of the Mayor, Alderman George Wheeler, have offered £1000 towards the new hall.

At a meeting at Sherborne a letter was read from Mr. John Digby, of Coleshill Park and Sherborne Castle, offering to give a site for the erection of a townhall, at Sherborne, in commemoration of the Jubilee. The committee, which was appointed at a previous meeting, reported that the erection of a hall would cost £3000.

The sum of £356 has been raised in Bath for the Women's Jubilee Offering, and an endeavour is being made to collect £5000 to endow a convalescent home which has been given to the city, and as much as possible for the Imperial Institute and local rejoicings.

A resolution was passed by the Kidderminster Town Council that the Jubilee should be duly celebrated in the borough. A very full programme of festivities was sketched. The Mayor read a letter from Mr. John Brinton offering to present a public park to the borough, in accordance with a previous intimation. The offer was accepted with thanks.—The Council also received the announcement that Mr. Crane, Lord of the Manor of Habberley, intends to present the Habberley Valley to the Corporation as a public recreation ground for ever.

The Mayor of Lewes (Alderman Farncombe) presided over an influential meeting held in the County Hall to decide on the best means of celebrating the Jubilee. It was decided to give a treat to all children between the ages of five and fifteen, and a dinner to the poor, aged, and infirm; to place a granite slab in some conspicuous public place as a record of the Jubilee; and to raise subscriptions for the enlargement of the Lewes Infirmary and Dispensary, the name being changed to Victoria Hospital. Other schemes for a recreation ground, almshouses, and a free library fell through.

A subscription list has been opened at Gateshead on behalf of the Imperial Institute, the Mayor, who presided, subscribing £100.

At a meeting held in the County Court-house, Sligo, the High Sheriff presiding, it was resolved to present a loyal address to the Queen and to raise a Jubilee fund.

The Corporation of Cardiff have unanimously voted £500 to the Decoration Committee; the Women's Jubilee Offering has been taken up with the greatest enthusiasm there; and the Imperial Institute subscription will not be much behind that of other large towns.

At Bournemouth a Jubilee International Regatta will be held on August 8 and 9, the prizes offered amounting to £400.

A committee has been appointed by the School Board for London, for the purpose of inviting the other School Boards of England and Wales to co-operate in presenting a joint Jubilee address to the Queen.

To commemorate the Jubilee the Salt family, of Saltaire, have offered to transfer to the public forty-five private almshouses, providing accommodation for sixty people, with extensive grounds and an infirmary, built at a cost of £40,000, as well as £30,000 left under the will of the late Sir Titus Salt for the benefit of the poor people of the district, as an endowment fund. Already property equal to £50,000 has been given to the public by the same family.

The Earl of Onslow has offered to present to the Corporation of Guildford six acres of land as a site for the proposed Jubilee recreation ground for that town.

At Sheerness the inhabitants have decided to found a scholarship for boys or girls in celebration of the Jubilee. The poor of the town will also be entertained in honour of the event. The ladies' committee, under the presidency of the Princess of Leiningen, have collected £47 13s. on behalf of the Women's Jubilee Offering to the Queen.

At a meeting at Dover, presided over by the Mayor, it was decided to commemorate the Jubilee by building a hospital, at a cost of £5000.

An order has just been issued from the head-quarters of the Salvation Army stating that "General" Booth has decided to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee by adding 800 officers of both sexes to the army, and an appeal is made to "the outside public" to subscribe £5200 to defray the cost of training them.

The Jubilee movement in Altrincham has assumed a definite form. The trustees of the Literary Institution are willing to transfer the buildings and contents, valued at £3000, to a committee appointed to inaugurate a free library and news-room, and should the Charity Commissioners direct any diversion of the Mayor's Land Charity, the income derived therefrom will probably form a nucleus for the endowment of an Art and Technical School.

The Canadian Cabinet have decided that the Queen's Jubilee should be celebrated in Canada on the same day as in England.

Elaborate preparations are being made at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for the celebration of the Jubilee. As a permanent memorial of the event, an art school will be erected, and the foundation-stone of a new city hall will be laid. The festivities will also include naval and military reviews, and an international yacht-race, for which a cup, value £100, will be offered for competition by the New York and Boston Yacht Clubs. At St. John, New Brunswick, a free public library is to be built as a Jubilee memorial.

The Prince of Wales has fixed Monday, May 16, as the date for the costume ball to be given by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee.

The Volunteer corps in and about London will march past her Majesty at Buckingham Palace on July 2. After passing her Majesty they will proceed in military procession along a route to be hereafter detailed.

The Queen has fixed Saturday, July 9, as the date of the great review at Aldershot to celebrate the Jubilee. It is expected that the muster will reach a hundred thousand Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers.

The naval review in honour of her Majesty's Jubilee will be held on July 23. It is to be representative of the naval power of the United Kingdom, and arrangements will be made to enable members of both Houses of Parliament to witness the manoeuvres.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 22.

The new law on cereals, the balancing of the Budget, even General Boulanger and his letters, have been thrown into the shade by a triple assassination which has once more called public attention to the unsatisfactoriness of the Paris police. In the night of Thursday Marie Regnault, her chambermaid, and a little girl of twelve—who passed as the daughter of the chambermaid—were assassinated in the rooms on the third floor of a house in the Rue Montaigne, where Marie Regnault lived, in grand style, under the name of Madame De Montille. The assassin apparently used a razor to accomplish the crime, and his object seems to have been to rob; for some jewelry and a certain sum of money are missing. The Parisian police have acted with their usual slowness in this affair, and, indeed, it is almost impossible for them to act otherwise. The action of the Prefecture of Police is weakened greatly by the political hostility of the Paris Municipal Council; there is but imperfect communication between the different departments; and, strange to say, the offices of the district *commissaires de police* are not connected with the central Prefecture either by telephone or by telegraph. The utter failure of the detective department in many recent sensational cases proves that Paris is becoming the paradise of criminals, and until the organisation of the police is thoroughly reformed the citizens will not feel secure.

The celebration of March 18, the anniversary of the Commune, was ridiculous at Paris at least, the Anarchists having long outstripped the Communists in violence of ideas and theories, and having in each case, as is their wont, taken possession of the banquets and meetings organised on the occasion of the 18th. At Paris, then, the Anarchists scoffed at the Communists as old-fashioned revolutionaries and behind the age. But at Marseilles, the Municipal Council having raised its sitting on the 18th in sign of mourning, there has begun in the press a great controversy: the governmental Republicans demand the dissolution of the Municipal Council of Marseilles, while the revolutionary Republicans naturally reply with an apotheosis of the insurrection of 1871, and MM. Rochefort and Clémenceau seize the opportunity of falling foul of Minister Goblet. Such incidents as these serve only to keep alive the embers of revolution.

The Paris theatres cannot be said to have had a very successful week, although novelties have been fairly abundant. At the Vaudeville a comedy by M. Edmond Tarbé, "*Monsieur de Morat*," has met with a cool reception, which it deserves; for the quartet of heroes and heroines is far from interesting. At the Palais Royal an amusing farcical piece, "*Durand et Durand*," promises to bring back laughter to this theatre which has been so long unlucky. At the Opéra Comique, M. Camille Saint-Saëns' new lyrical drama, "*Proserpine*," only half succeeded: the first two acts were found charming, and the last two inferior, doubtless because they are largely composed of recitative, and the French public does not like recitative, but prefers the simplest melody. Why? The reply is given by Regnier, of the *Comédie Française*, in his "*Souvenirs et Etudes de Théâtre*," where he says, *à propos* of the tragic chant of La Champmeslé: "The music of speech cannot be noted. No one has been, or ever will be, able to teach declamation by musical notation." These words condemn the whole theory of the so-called lyrical drama. For that matter, "*Proserpine*" is neither one thing nor the other: it is a cross between the old-fashioned opera and the scientific German lyrical drama. In the modern French musical movement it has no signification; it simply proves that M. Saint-Saëns is a master of orchestration, and that his talent—which is almost genius—has this time been placed at the service of a poor theme.

The suppression of the "bookmakers" continues to produce disastrous results. The French Steeplechase Society has given up its usual meeting at Auteuil, and suppressed the annual subventions of 300,000*fr.* which it has hitherto distributed amongst departmental race-meetings. The *Société d'Encouragement* will be obliged to take similar decisions; for, the moment betting is prohibited, the public ceases to go to the races, the gate money decreases, and the whole racing enterprise breaks down. The strongest argument against the act of M. Goblet is that the Army will suffer from any diminution in the breeding of thoroughbred horses, inasmuch as for cavalry and artillery service half-bred horses are needed, and to produce half-bred horses you need thoroughbreds. In reality, horse-racing has become a great industry in France; the races are, as it were, the Bourse of this industry, and the bookmakers are the *coulissiers*. T. C.

The King and Queen of Italy will open the National Exhibition of Fine Arts in Venice on April 25. The number of artists exhibiting exceeds 1700, including several English painters living in Italy.

The Crown Princess of Portugal has been safely delivered of a son. Both the Princess and the infant are doing well.

The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has passed the Budget and Loan Bills in the form in which they left the Lower House.

M. Tisza made another important speech in the Hungarian Diet on Monday, in the course of which he said the Austrian army was as ready for action as any army in the world.

There seems to be no doubt that a treaty of alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy has been signed.

The Cantons of Vaud and Valais have voted five million francs towards the construction of the Simplon Tunnel.

A telegram from New York reports that the owner of the yacht *Mayflower* has forwarded a challenge to the owner of the *Arrow* to compete in the race for the Queen's Cup, which was lost by the *America* in 1852.—The Richmond Hotel and St. James's Hall in Buffalo have been destroyed by fire. Several persons perished, and many others were injured.

The Cape Town Jubilee Memorial will probably take the form of a suburban park, to be called the Victoria Park, at Green Point. Extensive celebrations are already organised in Durban, Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, and other chief towns.

The Viceroy of India left Calcutta last week for Durbunga. His Excellency stayed there for about ten days, in order to enjoy some shooting, and then proceeded to Dehra Doon and Delhi, on his way to Simla, where he will arrive about April 14.

Sir Samuel Griffith, Premier of Queensland, and Lady Griffith have arrived in London.

Dr. Tyndall has sent in his resignation as Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution, a post to which he was appointed in 1853. In the report for 1885, presented at the annual meeting of the institution, the following resolution was passed:—"The committee of visitors have to express their great regret at the illness of Dr. Tyndall, which has necessitated a temporary absence from his accustomed work. They trust, however, that the marked improvement which has lately manifested itself will continue, and that ere long he may be restored to health and vigour." The scientific world at large, as well as the members of the institution, will much regret that this hope has not been realised.

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

Great preparations were made in Berlin and throughout Germany to celebrate with due pomp the Emperor's ninetieth birthday, on Tuesday last. Berlin has been thronged with crowned heads, members of reigning families, mediatised Princes, and special envoys. England was represented by the Prince of Wales, who is at home in the palace of his brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Germany. The Crown Prince Rudolph was the bearer of the good wishes of the Austrian Court, the Czar being represented by a couple of Grand Dukes; and the brother of King Humbert brought the congratulations of Italy. The King and Queen of Saxony and the King and Queen of Roumania personally assured the venerable Emperor of the esteem inspired by his character; the reigning Houses of Denmark and Sweden sent the heirs to the crown; and from far Japan Prince Komatsu brought assurance of the goodwill of an ancient people destined to play no inconsiderable part in the politics of the world. The Pope addressed a letter to the Emperor William, congratulating him on his ninetieth birthday.

All day on Monday (the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* says) a kaleidoscopic panorama of all the Royalties, Princes, and special envoys was afforded to the gazing and gaping multitudes who surged up and down the Linden, from the Schloss to the Brandenburg Thor, crushing, jamming, shouting, and cheering. Cheer after cheer went up from the sea-like multitude beleaguering the palace, to tempt the Emperor to his window; but his Majesty was too busy receiving the visits of the new distinguished arrivals, and could only yield to the will of his clamorous people when the relieving guard came tramping past.

At night there was a grand torchlight procession, in which between three and four thousand students, representing all the Universities and high schools in Germany, took part. It was a brilliant success. The students, bearing flags and banners, took up their position in a long line extending from the palace as far as the Opera House, and before the Emperor's residence there was an enthusiastic demonstration of loyalty. The Emperor and Empress, when the procession approached, occupied seats at the second window on the ground-floor of the palace; his Majesty, however, making his appearance some time after the Empress. Herr Münch, president of the Students' Committee, then rode up to the window at which the Emperor was seated; whereupon the latter rose with the Empress and the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Grand Duke witnessing the spectacle from an adjoining window. Herr Münch then called for "Three cheers for the Emperor, the victorious commander in glorious battles, the beloved father of their country, the author of the union of the German races, the defender of the frontiers of the Empire, and the treasurer of the peace of the world!" his remarks being followed by enthusiastic applause. The Emperor repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments. The National Anthem was sung, during which the Emperor remained standing at the window. The procession then marched past. During the passage of the procession the Emperor called up several of the students to the window, and expressed to them his thanks and gratification for the ovation paid to him. The Empress also expressed her thanks for the demonstration of loyalty.

A very impressive service was held on Tuesday morning in the ancient Church of St. Nicholas, at which the Mayor and about 2000 representative men of the civil and military Governments of Berlin attended in State. At nine o'clock 250,000 school children having assembled at their respective schools, were conducted to the various churches and synagogues to festival services, at the close of which each child was presented with a book relating to the life of the Emperor.

His Majesty received his distinguished visitors in the Empress's apartments on the first floor of the palace, which were fragrant with piles of all the sweetest flowers of the southern and of the northern spring. In the room adjoining the reception chamber stood the Emperor's birthday table, groaning under the weight of the beautiful offerings made by those nearest and dearest to him, but yet unable to support the many presents littered around. Of all these offerings, perhaps, the most welcome to the Emperor was a full-sized portrait of his eldest great-grandson, a bright and beautiful little boy; whilst his Majesty must also have been highly gratified by a fine large steel engraving of the battle of Rorke's Drift, the gift of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The reception of the Emperor's Sovereign and Princely visitors did not last long; it was rendered doubly interesting and memorable by the fact that the Emperor profited by the opportunity to announce the formal betrothal of his grandson, Prince Henry, the Crown Prince's sailor son, to the Prince's cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse, grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. This was the occasion of a second offering of congratulations by "the illustrious throng to the betrothed pair, who left the presence of the Emperor beaming with joy. The Empress, though now somewhat infirm, was there, leaning on the arm of her grandson, Prince William, whose consort led up her little sons to present their congratulations to their Imperial great-grandfather. The Emperor actively threaded his way about among his guests; and (says the *Times*' correspondent) the gaiety of his manner, the erectness of his gait, and the elasticity with which he stooped to kiss a lady's hand at parting must all have tended to make his visitors doubt the fact that he has now lived a score of years beyond the Psalmist's allotted span of three score years and ten.

The birthday banquet, as usual, was given by the Crown Prince and Princess, and afterwards the festive scene was changed to the State apartments of the Old Schloss, where a musical soirée reunited all the chief actors in the day's pageant.

It was a raw night, with a searching rain; but this trifling drawback was not sufficient to damp the ardent curiosity of the tens of thousands who streamed out to look at the illuminations. Berlin was one glowing and picturesque mass of candles, cressets, fantastic gas-jets, Bengal lights, and other contrivances of many-coloured flame.

Brilliant thus outside the Schloss, it was infinitely more so in the White Saloon of that majestic pile, with its blinding coronets and necklets of diamonds scintillating on Empress, Queens, and Princesses, and the endlessly varied uniforms. The Empress herself, leaning on a staff, was one radiant figure of sparkling light, and Carmen Sylva, the poetess Queen of Roumania, flashed from her neck and forehead a thousand dazzling hues, which even the Queen of Saxony's jewels failed to outshine. The entertainment offered by their Majesties to their guests consisted of a scene from Verdi's "*Don Carlos*," another from "*Don Juan*," the chief parts being taken by Herr and Frau Arott De Padilla; a *tableau vivant* recalling the well-known money transaction scene between Charles V. and Fugger, the merchant prince of Augsburg; and a Spanish *fandango* scene, executed by the chief members of the Opera ballet. In front of the stage which had been extemporised for the performances of these four separate scenes, the Court sat in crescent rows, the Emperor in front, flanked by the Queens of Saxony and Roumania, and the others according to their rank and station.



## THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS.

(Continued from the "Illustrated London News" of last week.)

"The Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology," vol. vii., part 2, for 1881, contain an article by Professor A. H. Sayce, on "The Monuments of the Hittites"; and one, by the same writer, on the bilingual Hittite and cuneiform inscription, bearing the name of King Tarrik-timme (or Tarkondemos) engraved, with the figure of a man, on a silver boss, which we described last week. The inscriptions found many years ago at Hamath, on the Orontes, in Syria, which Captain Conder has succeeded, to a greater or less extent, in translating, were discussed by Professor Sayce in his paper read to the society nearly seven years ago, July 6, 1880, when he remarked that we know next to nothing of the Hittite language; but that he considered it to be "allied to those spoken by the neighbouring populations, and probably also to proto-Armenian and perhaps to Lycian"; also "that it was, moreover, a fictitious language, and, above all, that it was not Semitic." An illustration of the Hamath inscriptions was given in the published "Transactions" of the Society above mentioned, whose secretary, Mr. W. H. Rylands, has kindly allowed us to copy this and other drawings. With reference to the former, Captain Conder says that the inscriptions, according to his interpretation, "are invocations to the Gods of Heaven, Ocean, and Earth—exactly the deities (including Set) whom we know from Egyptian and cuneiform tablets to have been adored by the Hittites and by other tribes of Asia Minor." The following is one of Captain Conder's translations. The first is a prayer to the sun:—

May the Holy One, mighty and powerful, hear the uprisings. I call upon the Most High. . . . I adore my Lord. . . . shine Lord. Great Spirit, so be it. He gives me the rain of Heaven.

A second prayer is addressed to the God of Water and the Sky and Ocean:—

I pray. . . . to my God of the Water, the stately Lord of Water, the God of Heaven. I make an inscription in his honour. I extol him. I cause a great libation to be made as an offering, I make an offering to the Most Holy the King of Water. I call on the [strong?] Lord, the Mighty One. The [strong?] King [strong?] light: Chief God of Heaven. . . . I offer to. I cry. . . . I extol [him], praying for water.

A third text is given as follows:—

To Thee, the Mighty One. . . . the powerful, the Chieftain, the acknowledged Lord, be prayers made. . . . I cry with prayer to the Holy One, the Great Lord. . . . to God and Goddess both I cry, to the Great Spiritual. . . . Amen. . . . to my Water God. He set my Water God. . . . Chief. . . . I cry to. To my Holy One. [May he make. . . . my supplication?] Offering a libation to the God of Heaven. . . . I cause an excellent libation to be offered to him. . . . Accept my most excellent libation. The crescent moon I greatly. . . .

Captain Conder states that he has translated ten of the principal texts; as well as the seals and gems. The bowl found at Babylon, of which an illustration is given, with the characters upon it, is, Captain Conder says, a magic bowl, somewhat similar to others already found, inscribed with Hebrew characters.

Among the illustrations given in our present number will be found some of those showing the peculiar style of sculpture belonging to the Hittites. Along with some of the inscriptions are found sculptured figures, in what might be described as a primitive style of art, which bears a strong resemblance to Assyrian and Babylonian art. The costume has some resemblance, while at the same time it presents points of marked difference; prominent among these may be noted a tall conical hat, and boots with turned-up points at the toes. Sculptures were known to exist at Boghaz-Keui, in the ancient Cappadocia; and at Karabel, near Nimphi, about twenty-five miles east from Smyrna. There are two figures at the latter place, and we find a passage in Herodotus, who says that when Sesostris carried his conquests into Syria, he had figures carved upon the rocks—figures to mark his conquests. Herodotus says he saw those figures, and from his precise descriptions of them, there need be no doubt that it was the figures at Karabel that the ancient historian saw and described. Hence it is that these sculptures have been known as those of "Sesostris" to our own day, but doubts about them have been expressed, owing to the absence of all appearance of Egyptian art upon them; and the term "Pseudo-Sesostris" has been of late used. An illustration of one of the figures at Karabel, mentioned above, appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, Jan. 31, 1880. Professor Sayce was the first to point out that this, and the second figure near it, as well as the sculptures at Boghaz-Keui and other places, were identical in style with those figures found along with the Hittite inscriptions. Two of the illustrations given this week show fragments of sculptured figures with Hittite characters behind them; enough of the figures remain to shew a very strong resemblance to Assyrian or Babylonian art. Here, of course, we have a very interesting subject in connection with the history of Oriental art. The question suggests itself as to whether we have in the Hittite sculptures the rude beginnings, which developed into the art of the Assyrians and Babylonians, and the source from which the Phœnicians derived their style, which was famous as far back as the days when Homer sang of Troy? If this should turn out to be so, then we have at last found the germs of that art, which most of our modern authorities now believe came from Asia to Greece, and was developed into such perfection in that country. Captain Conder's forthcoming book will be looked forward to by artists, and students of art history, as well as by students of philology, from the bearing which his theory of decipherment will have on this subject.

We give a representation of a lion, covered with Hittite characters. This figure is sketched from a cast belonging to the Society of Biblical Archaeology. The original was found at Merash, north of the Taurus. At Eyuk, near Boghaz-Keui, there are a number of the Hittite sculptures, and among them is one of considerable historic interest, which we give on that account. It is the earliest known representation of the double-headed eagle, now familiar to us from the heraldic bearings of the Emperors of Russia and Austria. Professor Sayce states that this is the prototype of the Seljukian eagle of a later date; it was adopted in a bronze coin that was struck by the Sultan Malik-es-Salah Mahmud in 1217 A.D.; and it appears first in the arms of the German Emperors in the year 1345 A.D.

The double-headed eagle and the bas-relief from Boghaz-Keui are copied from Perrot and Guillaume's "Explorations Archéologiques de la Galatie et de la Bithynie." For the others we are indebted to the Society of Biblical Archaeology. W. SIMPSON.

A bronze life-size statue of the late Rev. William Barnes, the Dorset poet, is to be erected in the centre of Dorchester.

Mr. Robert W. Allen and Miss Maud Naftel have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

By Royal command Mr. Irving Montagu sent his portrait of the late Hobart Pasha to Buckingham Palace so that her Majesty might, during her stay in town, see it. Hobart Pasha, it will be remembered, was once one of the officers of the Royal yacht and Mr. Montagu, as the representative of this paper in the Black Sea in 1877, had every facility for studying the peculiar characteristics of this remarkable man.

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE AT BOMBAY.

The festive celebration in Calcutta, Bombay, and other Indian capitals, on the 15th ult., of the fiftieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, was described in our last; and we now add two or three remaining illustrations, from photographs by Mr. Herbert Gathorne, of the brilliant sights that evening in the city of Bombay, where the banks and houses of mercantile business, in Rampart-row and Elphinstone Circle, and in other streets devoted to European traffic, were splendidly illuminated in honour of this occasion. Bombay is as loyal a city as any in the British Empire, and its mixed native and Asiatic population, of many races and religions, share this sentiment with the English ruling class. The presence of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who came from Poona that day to join the Governor, Lord Reay, in witnessing such an exhibition of popular attachment to her Majesty the Empress of India, seems to have enhanced the public gratification. At Madras, it appears, the celebration was deferred to a later date, on account of the still remaining gloom caused by the destructive fire on New-Year's Day, which was attended with a terrible loss of life among natives of the poorer class.

## WRECK OF A RIVER STEAMER IN BURMAH.

One of the two fine river steam-boats carrying the weekly mails up the Irrawaddy from Prome to Mandalay, a vessel named the *Thoreang*, was wrecked on the 9th ult., by striking upon a rock. The passengers were all taken ashore in safety, with their luggage, and the mails were also saved; but the vessel went to pieces. We are indebted to Surgeon-Major J. H. Supple, of the 6th Brigade of the British troops now in Upper Burmah, for a sketch of the wreck at the time when those last remaining on board were about to come off in a steam-launch. Their movements were watched with much interest by some of the natives on the bank of the river.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

We have come upon dull times at the theatres, as is natural in the season of Lent. "Faust," at the Lyceum; "Lady Clancarty," at the St. James's; and "Dandy Dick," at the Court have weathered the storm of snow, east wind, and depression, and will joyfully put on their spring garment of success with Eastertide. Meanwhile, the curious playgoer awaits with interest next Tuesday night, when Mrs. James Brown Potter, the last promising pupil of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, is to appear as Anne Silvester in "Man and Wife." The lady can scarcely be called a novice, for, like Lady Monckton, who preceded her at the Haymarket, she has played in various American theatres for charitable benefits several arduous characters, many of them included in the repertoire of Mrs. Kendal. The cast otherwise is a strong one, perhaps as good as could be obtained, though I fear, in advance, that we shall miss the rough, bold personality of Mr. Coghlan, who made it perfectly clear how it was that Anne Silvester came to love the dominant power of the man who so brutally betrayed her trust and outraged her better nature. Women like power even in a brute. Like the Irishman's car-horse, they occasionally love to be "oppressed," and Mr. Coghlan, by his brilliantly violent personation showed with exactness how muscles are occasionally preferred to brains by even the most reflective women. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has, unfortunately, severed his connection with the Haymarket Theatre, where he has been so deservedly popular ever since he left the Prince's Theatre; but he has leased the Comedy Theatre from Miss Melnotte, and will there shortly produce a new drama called "The Red Lamp," for which an excellent cast has been engaged, including both Lady Monckton and Miss Marion Terry. The name of the author has been kept a profound secret, and all we know is that the plot turns upon a domestic complication in which a violent Russian Nihilist is concerned.

Looking much farther ahead than even that, all playgoers will be delighted to hear that early in June Mr. Henry Irving intends to produce and play Lord Byron's "Werner" for the sake of adding to the subscription now being raised for the "Westland Marston Testimonial Committee." "Werner" has only been played twice—in April, 1866—since Phelps left Sadler's Wells—where it was one of his favourite characters. The cast of "Werner" at the Lyceum has not yet been selected, but the acting version has been carefully revised and corrected by Mr. Irving.

The imitative parody on the Savoy "Ruddigore," recently produced at a Saturday trial-trip at Mr. Toole's Theatre, is but a weak, spiritless, and pointless affair. Had Mr. Toole played in it, possibly the verdict might have been different; and he certainly put his audience in a good humour by his burlesque of the modern managerial speech, giving it before the entertainment, instead of after. But the speech over and the laughter extinguished, poor "Ruddy George" proved a very slow customer indeed. Not all the pretty dancing of Miss Marie Linden in the limelight, or the comic singing of Mr. E. D. Ward in imitation of George Grossmith, or the really charming scenery that had been painted, were able to whip up the fun that was lamentably conspicuous by its absence. The clever music of Mr. Percy Reeve helped it along, but it is to be hoped that when it is put in the evening programme some alterations will have been made—notably, the introduction of "Mad Margaret"—why should not Mr. Toole be Mad Margaret?—and the celebrated Quaker Duet.

Whatever may be said of the occasional neglect of Shakespeare, no one can say that the old classic comedies of the last century are ignored. What with Mr. Compton's company, Miss Kate Vaughan's little family, and the Conway and Farren combination, we have recently had quite a surfeit of Sheridan and Goldsmith. "The School for Scandal" is delightfully played at the Opéra Comique, and "The Rivals" very well done at the Grand Theatre, Islington, where the Conway company is starring, on its road to the Strand in May, when "The Clandestine Marriage" will be produced, with Mr. Farren as Lord Ogleby. Meanwhile, Miss Vaughan is eagerly active in novelty, and promises "Masks and Faces" next Saturday. It would be difficult to say if I have seen more Lady Teazles or Peg Woffingtons in the few last years. They are as plentiful as primroses in spring.

Another valuable recruit has been added to the noble army of reciters. Mr. Reginald Sumner, an eloquent and intelligent gentleman, is coming to the front, and gave a dramatic recital at the St. James's Hall last Wednesday, with considerable success. The programme was varied and interesting, and the reciter cordially applauded. C. S.

Mr. E. Watts-Russell is giving a series of afternoon recitals at Westminster Townhall. The first took place on Wednesday; the others being announced for the 30th inst., April 20, 27; and May 18, 26.

Miss Kate Vaughan will make her first appearance as Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces," at the Opéra Comique this (Saturday) evening. Nothing, we are assured, will be lacking in the way of sumptuous and appropriate surroundings.

## OBITUARY.

THE HON. RICHARD DENMAN.

The Hon. Richard Denman, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Clerk of Assize for the counties of Hertford, Essex, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, J.P., died at his residence, Westergate House, near Arundel, on the 19th inst. He was born Jan. 13, 1814, the third son of Lord Chief Justice Denman, and was, at the time of his death, heir presumptive to his brother, the present Lord Denman. He received his education at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; married, Oct. 28, 1840, Emma, youngest daughter of Mr. Hugh Jones, of Lark Hill, Lancashire, and leaves issue; the eldest son, Richard, is now heir presumptive to the peerage.

SIR WILLIAM HARDY.

Sir William Hardy, Kt., F.S.A., late Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, died on the 17th inst., in his eightieth year. This learned antiquary was son of Major Thomas Bartholomew Price Hardy, R.A., by Frances, his wife, daughter of Mr. Alexander Duffus, of Kingston, Jamaica. He was formerly Clerk of the Records of the Duchy of Lancaster, received the appointment of Assistant-Keeper of Public Records in 1869, and succeeded his brother, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, as Deputy Keeper, in 1878. He was one of the Historical MSS. Commissioners, and was knighted in 1883. Sir William married, Dec. 31, 1840, Eliza Caroline Seymour, youngest daughter of Captain John Edward Lee, of West Cholderton Manor, Wilts.

MR. J. K. CROSS.

Mr. John Kynaston Cross, of Fernclough, near Bolton, formerly from 1874 to 1885 M.P., in the Liberal interest, for that place, whose melancholy death occurred on the 20th inst., was son of the late Mr. John Cross, of Gartside House, by Hannah, his wife, only daughter of Mr. Richard Kynaston. He was born, at Bolton, Oct. 13, 1832; was extensively engaged in business as a cotton-spinner and manufacturer in that town; and held office as Under-Secretary for India from 1883 to 1885. He married, in 1858, Emily, daughter of Mr. James Carlton, of Irwell House, Manchester, and leaves issue.

MAJOR PARDEY.

Major John Quin Pardey, one of the last survivors of the Peninsular War, died at Bath, on the 17th inst., in his ninety-second year. He entered the 66th Regiment in 1810; in 1813 embarked, being then Lieutenant of the Royal Staff Corps, to join Wellington's army; was engaged on the construction of the celebrated rope-bridge at Alcantara; and took part in the battles of Vittoria, San Sebastian, and Toulouse. He had the Peninsular War medal, and was awarded the decoration Du Lis by Louis XVIII.

GENERAL KELLY.

General Thomas Conyngham Kelly, C.B., died at Ellerslie, Canterbury, on the 15th inst. He was born in 1808, the son of Major-General Thomas Kelly, Commandant of Tilbury Fort, entered the Army in 1828, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1877. His career was one of distinction. He served in the Crimea; was in the Indian Mutiny Campaign; commanded a wing of the 38th at Cawnpore, and was at the head of the same regiment at the capture of Lucknow. He had the Crimean medal and clasp, the Turkish medal, medal and clasp for his Indian services, and the decoration of C.B. He was repeatedly mentioned in despatches.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Jones, only son of the late Judge Jones, Bombay Presidency, on the 16th inst.

Mr. Robert Bruce-Russell, of the Inner Temple, and of 88, Queen's-gate, second son of the late James Russell, Q.C., on the 18th inst.

Major William Grogan, of Slancy Park, county Wicklow, J.P., late of the Wicklow Rifles, son of the Rev. William Grogan, Rector of Baltinglass, and cousin of Sir Edward Grogan, Bart., on the 20th inst., aged seventy-four.

Lieutenant John Hoskyns, 51st South Yorkshire Regiment, Army Reserve, eldest son and heir apparent of the Rev. Sir John Leigh Hoskyns, ninth Baronet, Rector of Aston Tyrrold, Berks, on the 13th inst., aged thirty-eight.

Lady Georgina Croker, of Ballynagarde, county Limerick, on the 20th inst., aged sixty-six, sixth daughter of Henry Stanley Monck, Earl of Rathdowne, and sister of Viscountess Monck. She was married, May 17, 1841, to Captain Croker, of Ballynagarde, and became a widow in 1869.

Mr. William Collingwood Smith, the well-known landscape painter, on the 15th inst., aged seventy-one. He was one of the oldest and most respected members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; was elected an Associate of the society in 1843, and a member in 1850; and succeeded the late Mr. Frederick Mackenzie as treasurer, which office he held continuously for upwards of twenty years, devoting himself unremittently to the society's service.

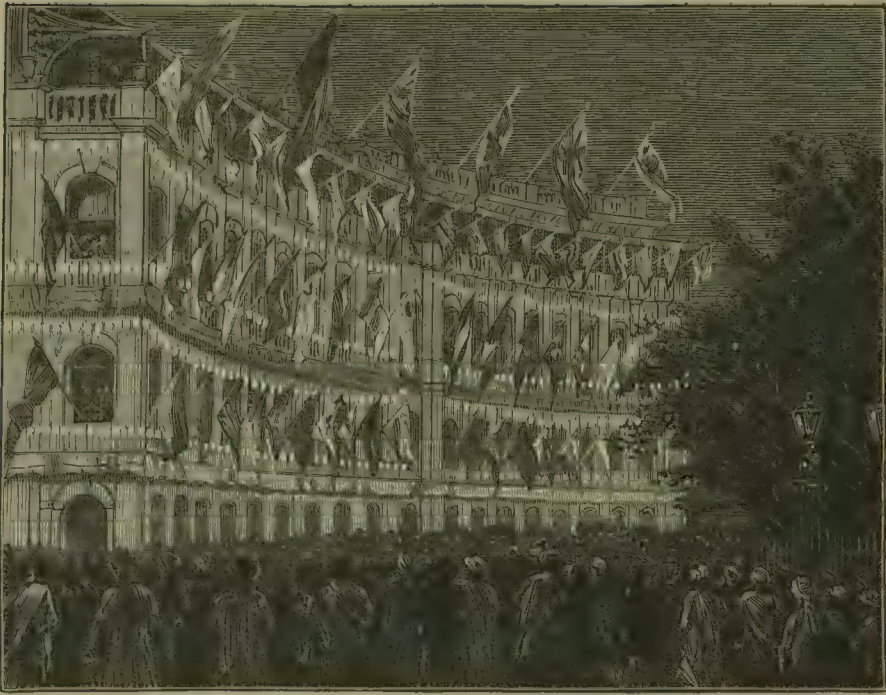
The Rev. Edward Tew Richards, M.A., who had held the Rectory of Farlington, near Havant, Hampshire, for over sixty-one years. Mr. Richards, who was born in 1797, was elected to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he was a contemporary of Dr. Arnold, and where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1819, and was in due course elected to a Fellowship. He was ordained Deacon in 1822 by the Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Huntingford), and was admitted into Priests' orders in the same year by the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Legge). Along with his Fellowship he held the curacy of Droxford, Hampshire, from 1822 to 1825; and in 1826 was instituted to the Rectory, which he held down to his decease.

Mr. Charles William Warner, C.B., on the 26th ult., in his seventy-second year, at Port of Spain, Trinidad. He was son of the late Colonel Edward Warner, and grandson of the late Major-General Sir Charles H. Warner, R.E. He was called to the Bar in 1840; was Solicitor-General and Member of the Legislative Council of Trinidad from 1831 to 1844; and Attorney-General and Member of the Executive Council from 1844 to 1870. He was created C.B. in 1859. He married, first, Isabella Ann, daughter of Captain Carmichael; secondly, on Feb. 26, 1848, Ellen Rosa, daughter of John Joseph Garcia de Cadiz, Stipendiary Magistrate of Port of Spain. Mr. Warner was the lineal descendant of Sir Thomas Warner, one of the founders of the British West Indian Colonies.

The Treasurer of Guy's Hospital, London, has received another anonymous donation of £500 towards the special fund.

Father Kelleher, parish priest of Youghal, appeared in the Dublin Bankruptcy Court, last Saturday, in connection with the bankruptcy of one of the tenants on the Ponsonby estate, who had taken part in the Plan of Campaign. Having been sworn, Father Kelleher declined to answer a certain question, on the plea that his doing so would tend to the disclosure of matters confided to him in his priestly capacity, although it was pointed out to him that the particular question had no reference to what was entrusted to him in the confessional. Persisting in his refusal, he was committed for contempt, and conveyed to Kilmainham, being accompanied thither by Archbishop Walsh and a large crowd of Nationalists, who enthusiastically cheered him.





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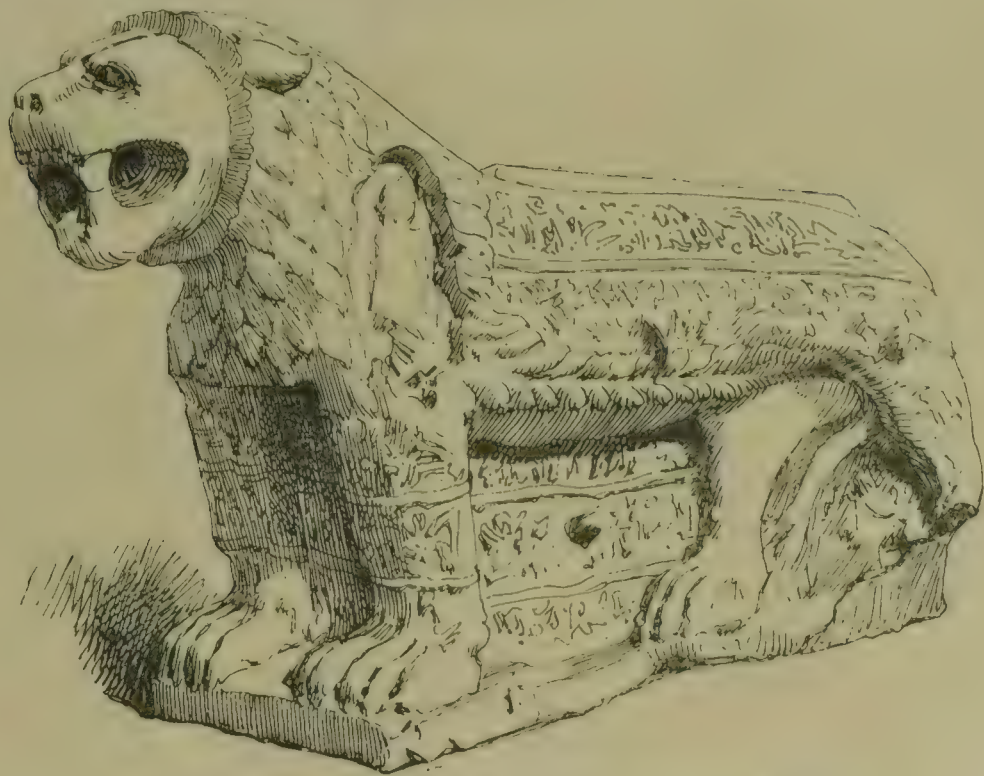


THE BULL RING, WITH ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM, IN 1812.

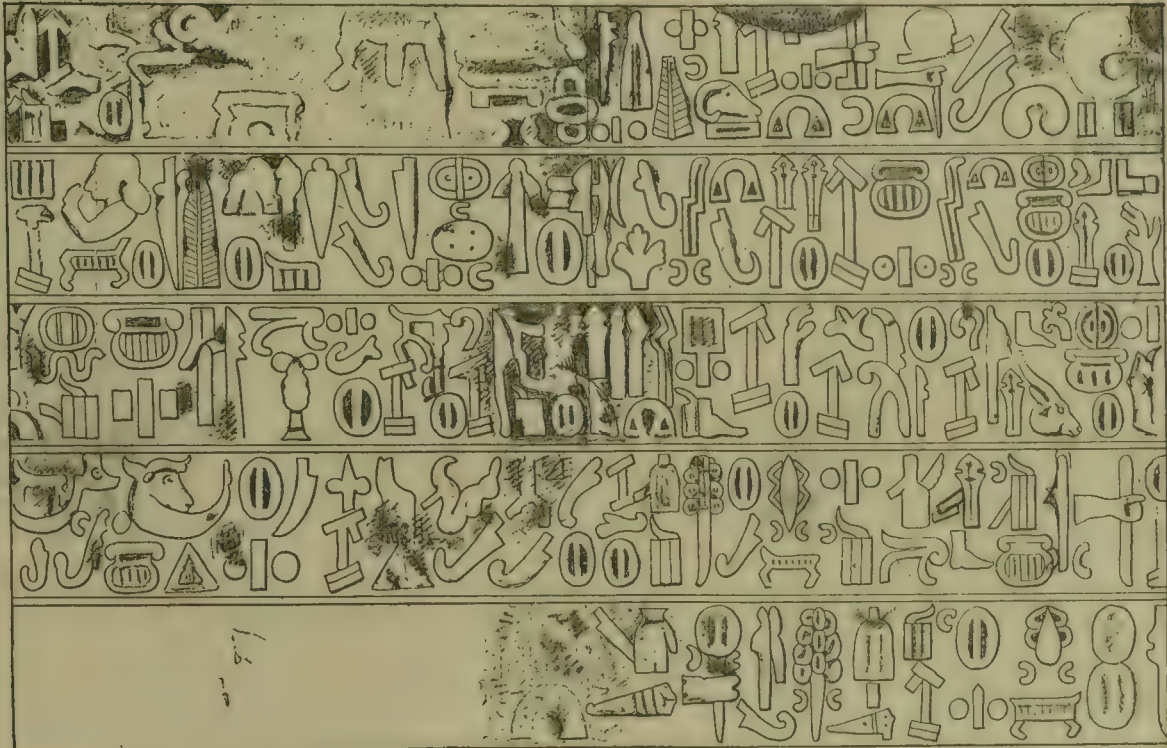




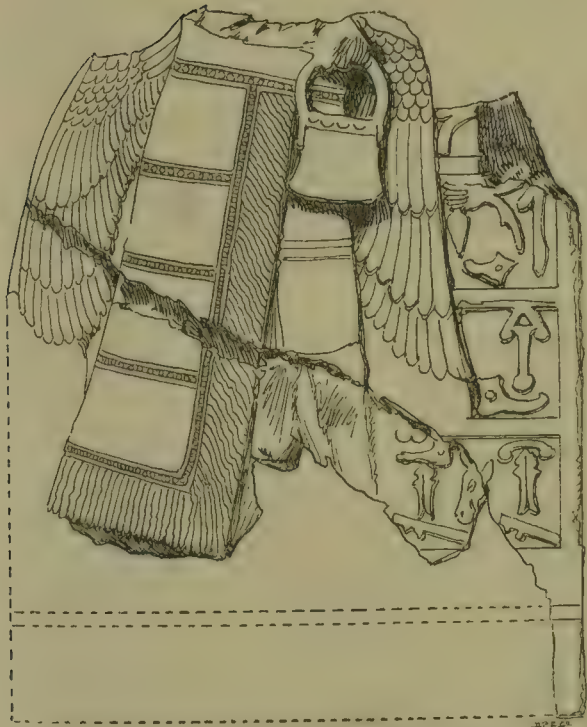
SCULPTURE WITH HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS, AT JERABIS (CARCHEMISH), ON THE EUPHRATES.



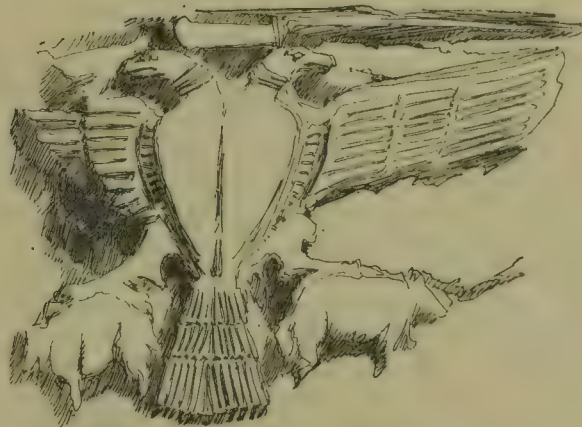
LION FIGURE AT MERASH, MOUNT TAURUS, INSCRIBED WITH HITTITE CHARACTERS.



THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS AT HAMATH, ON THE ORONTES, IN SYRIA.



FRAGMENT OF SCULPTURE FROM JERABIS (CARCHEMISH).



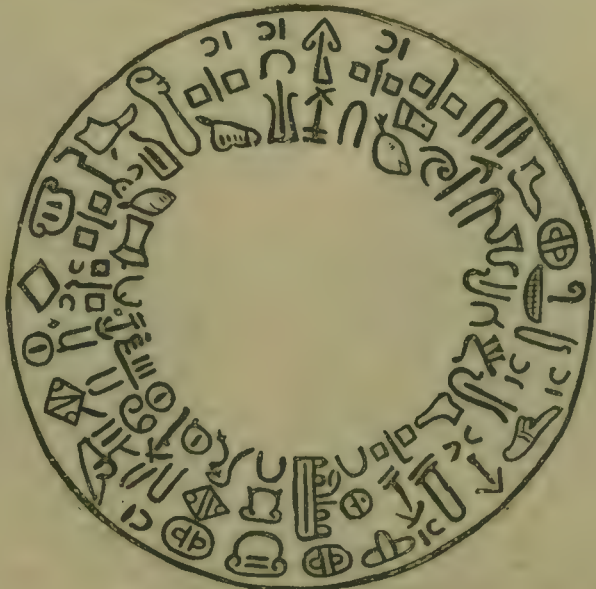
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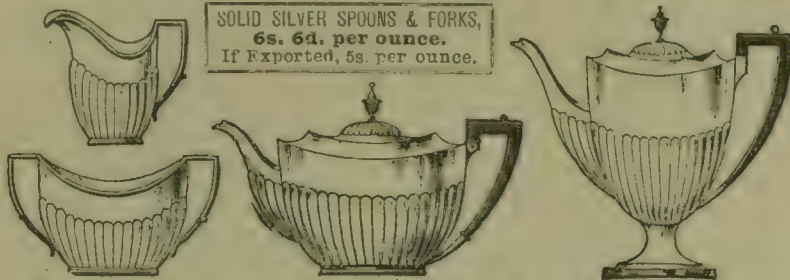
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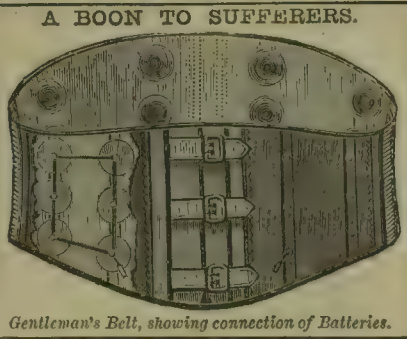
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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

"Do you hear that?" said Winslow, turning complacently to Brace and rising to his feet.

## THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.\*

BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

### PART II.—CHAPTER II.

There was a breath of spring in the soft morning air of Todos Santos—a breath so subtle and odorous that it penetrated the veil of fog beyond the bay, and for a moment lingered on the deck of a passing steamer like an arresting memory. But only for an instant; the Omecete, bound from San Francisco to San Juan del Norte, with its four seekers of the Excelsior, rolled and plunged on its way unconsciously.

Within the bay and over the restless pueblo still dwelt the golden haze of its perpetual summer; the two towers of the old Mission church seemed to dissolve softly into the mellow upper twilight, and the undulating valleys rolled their green waves up to the wooded heights of San Antonio, that still smiled down upon the arid, pallid desert. But although Nature had not changed in the months that had passed since the advent of the Excelsior, there appeared some strange mutations in the town and its inhabitants. On the beach below the Presidio was the unfinished skeleton of a small sea-going vessel on rude stocks; on the plaza rose the framed walls and roofless rafters of a wooden building; near the embarcadero was the tall adobe chimney of some inchoate manufactory whose walls had half-risen from their foundations; but all of these objects had evidently succumbed to the drowsy influence of the climate, and already had taken the appearance of later and less picturesque ruins of the past. There were singular innovations in the costumes: one or two umbrellas, used as sunshades, were seen upon the square; a few small chip hats had taken the place of the stiff sombreros, with an occasional tall white beaver; while linen coat and nankeen trousers had, at times, usurped the short velvet jacket and loose calzas of the national costume.

At San Antonio the change was still more perceptible. Beside the yawning pit of the abandoned silver mine a straggling building arose, filled with rude machinery bearing the legend, painted in glowing letters, "Excelsior Silver Mining Co., J. Crosby, Superintendent"; and in the midst of certain excavations assailing the integrity of the cliff itself was another small building, scarcely larger than a sentry-box, with the inscription "Office: Eleanor Quicksilver Smelting Works."

Basking in that yellow morning sunlight, with his back against his office, Mr. Brace was seated on the ground, rolling a cigarette. A few feet from him Crosby, extended on his back on the ground, was lazily puffing rings of smoke into the still air. Both of these young gentlemen were dressed in exaggerated Mexican costumes; the silver buttons fringing the edge of Crosby's calza, open from the knee down to show a glimpse of the snowy under-trouser, were richer and heavier than those usually worn; while Brace, in addition to the crimson silk sash round his waist, wore a crimson handkerchief around his head, under his sombrero.

"Pepe's falling off in his tobacco," said Brace. "I think I'll have to try some other Fonda."

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"How's Banks getting on with his crop?" asked Crosby. "You know he was going to revolutionise the business, and cut out Cuba on that hillside."

"Oh, the usual luck! He couldn't get proper cultivators, and the Injins wouldn't work regular. I must try and get hold of some of the Comandante's stock: but I'm out of favour with the old man since Winslow and I wrecked that fishing-boat on the rocks off yonder. He always believed we were trying to run off, like Captain Bunker. That's why he stopped our shipbuilding, I always believe."

"All the same, we might have had it built and ready now but for our laziness. We might have worked on it nights without their knowing it, and slipped off some morning in the fog."

"And we wouldn't have got one of the women to go with us! If we are getting shiftless here—and I don't say we're not—these women have just planted themselves and have taken root. But that ain't all: there's the influence of that infernal sneak, Hurlstone! He's set the Comandante against us, you know—he, and the priest, the Comandante, and Nelly Keene make up the real council of Todos Santos. Between them they've shoved out the poor little Alcalde, who's ready to give up everything to dance attendance on Mrs. Brimmer. They run the whole concern, and they give out that it's owing to them that we're given parole of the town, and the privilege of spending our money and working these mines. Who'd have thought that sneak Hurlstone would have played his cards so well? It makes me regularly sick to hear him called 'Don Diego.'"

"Yet you're mightily tickled when that black-eyed sister of the Alcalde calls you 'Don Carlos,'" said Crosby, yawning.

"Doña Isabel," said Brace with some emprosement, "is a lady of position, and these are only her national courtesies."

"She just worships Miss Keene; and I reckon she knows by this time all about your old attentions to her friend," said Crosby, with lazy mischief.

"My attentions to Miss Keene were simply those of an ordinary acquaintance, and were never as strongly marked as yours to Mrs. Brimmer."

"Who has deserted me as Miss Keene did you," rejoined Crosby.

Brace's quick colour had risen again, and he would have made some sharp retort but the jingling of spurs caught his ear. They both turned quickly, and saw Banks approaching. He was dressed as a vaquero, but with his companion's like exaggeration of detail; yet, while his spurs were enormous, and his sombrero unusually expansive, he still clung to his high shirt collars and accurately-tied check cravat.

"Well?" he said, approaching them.

"Well?" said Crosby.

"Well?" repeated Brace.

After this national salutation, the three Americans regarded each other silently.

"Knocked off cultivating to-day?" queried Crosby, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"The peons have," said Banks, "it's another saint's day. That's the fourth in two weeks. Leaves about two clear working days in each week, counting for the days off, when they're getting over the effects of the others. I tell you what,

Sir, the Catholic religion is not suited to a working civilisation, or else the calendar ought to be overhauled and a lot of these saints put on the retired-list. It's hard enough to have all the Apostles on your pay-roll, so to speak, but to have a lot of fellows run in on you as saints, and some of them not even men or women, but ideas, is piling up the agony! I don't wonder they call the place 'All Saints.' The only thing to do," continued Banks, severely, "is to open communication with the desert, and run in some of the heathen tribes outside. I've made a proposition to the Council offering to take five hundred of them in the raw, unregenerate state, and turn 'em over after a year to the Church. If I could get Hurlstone to do some log rolling with that Padre, his friend, I might get the bill through. But I'm always put off till to-morrow. Everything here is 'Hasta mañana; hasta mañana,' always. I believe when the last trump is sounded, they'll say, 'Hasta mañana.' What are you doing?" he said, after a pause.

"Waiting for your ship," answered Crosby, sarcastically.

"Well, you can laugh, gentlemen—but you won't have to wait long. According to my calculations that Mexican ship is about due now. And I ain't basing my figures on anything the Mexican Government is going to do, or any commercial speculation. I'm reckoning on the Catholic Church."

The two men languidly looked towards him. Banks continued gravely: "I made the proper inquiries, and I find that the stock of rosaries, scapularies, blessed candles, and other ecclesiastical goods is running low. I find that just at the nick of time a fresh supply always comes from the Bishop of Guadalajara, with instructions from the Church. Now, gentlemen, my opinion is that the Church, and the Church only, knows the secret of the passage through the foggy channel, and keeps it to itself. I look at this commercially, as a question of demand and supply. Well, Sir, the only real trader here at Todos Santos is the Church."

"Then you don't take in account the interests of Brimmer, Markham, and Keene," said Brace. "Do you suppose they're doing nothing?"

"I don't say they're not; but you're confounding interest with instincts. They haven't got the instinct to find this place and all that they've done and are doing is blind calculation. Just look at the facts. As the filibuster who captured the Excelsior of course changed her name, her rig-out, and her flag, and even got up a false register for her, she's as good as lost, as far as the world knows, until she lands at Quinquambo. Then, supposing she's found out, and the whole story is known—although everything's against such a proposition—the news has got to go back to San Francisco before the real search will be begun. As to any clue that might come from Captain Bunker, that's still more remote. Allowing he crossed the bar and got out of the channel, he wasn't at the right time for meeting a passing steamer; and the only coasters are Mexican. If he didn't die of delirium tremens or exposure, and was really picked up in his senses by some other means, he would have been back with succour before this, if only to get our evidence to prove the loss of the vessel. No, Sir; sooner or later, of course, the San Francisco crowd are bound to find us here. And if it wasn't for my crops and our mine, I wouldn't be in a hurry for them; but our first hold is the Church."



He stopped. Crosby was asleep. Brace arose lazily, lounged into his office, and closed his desk.

"Going to shut up for the day?" said Banks, yawning. "I reckon," said Brace dubiously. "I don't know, but I'd take a little pascari into the town if I had my horse ready."

"Take mine, and I'll trapse over on foot to the Rancho with Crosby—after a spell. You'll find him under that big madroño, if he has not already wound himself up with his lariat by walking round it. Those Mexican horses can't go straight even when they graze—they must feed in a circle. He's a little fresh, so look out for him!"

"All the better. I'd like to get into town just after the siesta."

"Siesta!" echoed Banks, lying comfortably down in the shade just vacated by Brace: "that's another of their shiftless practices. Two hours out of every day—that's a day out of the week—spent in a hammock; and during business hours too! It's disgraceful, Sir; simply disgraceful." He turned over, and closed his eyes, as if to reflect on its enormity.

Brace had no difficulty in finding the mare, although some trouble in mounting her. But, like his companions, having quickly adopted the habits of the country, he had become a skilful and experienced horseman, and the mustang, after a few springless jumps, which failed to unseat him, submitted to his rider. The young man galloped rapidly towards Todos Santos; but when within a few miles of the pueblo he slackened his pace. From the smiles and greetings of wayfarers—among whom were some pretty Indian girls and mestizas—it was evident that the handsome young foreigner, who had paid them the compliment of extravagantly adopting their national costume, was neither an unfamiliar nor an unpleasing spectacle. When he reached the posada at the top of the hilly street, he even carried his simulation of the local customs to the point of charging the verandah at full speed, and pulling up suddenly at the threshold, after the usual fashion of vaqueros. The impetuous apparition brought a short stout man to the door, who, welcoming him with effusive politeness, conducted him to an inner room that gave upon a green grass courtyard. Seated before a rude table, sipping aguardiente, was his countryman Winslow and two traders of the pueblo. They were evidently of the number, already indicated, who had adopted the American fashions. Señor Ruiz wore a linen "duster" in place of his embroidered jacket, and Señor Martínez had an American beard, or "goatee," in imitation of Mr. Banks. The air was yellow with the fumes of tobacco, through which the shrewd eyes of Winslow gleamed murkily.

"This," he said to his countryman, in fluent if not elegant Spanish, indicating the gentleman who had imitated Banks, "is a man of ideas, and a power in Todos Santos. He would control all the votes in his district, if there were anything like popular suffrage here, and he understands the American policy."

Señor Martínez here hastened to inform Mr. Brace that he had long cherished a secret and enthusiastic admiration for that grand and magnanimous nation of which his friend was such a noble representative; that, indeed, he might say it was an inherited taste, for had not his grandfather once talked with the American whaling Capitano Coffino and partaken of a subtle spirit known as "er-rum" on his ship at Acapulco?

"There's nothing mean about Martínez," said Winslow to Brace, confidentially, in English. "He's up to anything, and ready from the word 'Go.' Don't you think he's a little like Banks, you know—a sort of Mexican edition. And there's Ruiz, he's a cattle dealer; he'd be a good friend of Banks if Banks wasn't so infernally self-opinionated. But Ruiz aint a fool, either. He's picked up a little English—good American, I mean—from me already."

Señor Ruiz here smiled affably, to show his comprehension; and added, slowly and with great gravity, "It is of twenty-four years I have first time the Americano of your beautiful country known. He have buy the hides and horns of the cattle—for his ship—here."

"Here?" echoed Brace. "I thought no American ship—no ship at all—had been in here for fifty years."

Ruiz shrugged his shoulders, and cast a glance at his friend Martínez, lowered his voice and lifted his eyelashes at the same moment, and, jerking his yellow tobacco-stained thumb over his arm, said,

"Ah—of a verity—on the beach—two leagues away."

"Do you hear that?" said Winslow, turning complacently to Brace and rising to his feet. "Don't you see now what hogwash the Commander, Alcalde, and the priest have been cramming down our throats—about this place being sealed up for fifty years. What he says is all Gospel truth. That's what I wanted you fellows to hear, and you might have heard, only you were afraid of compromising yourselves by talking with the people. You got it into your heads—and the Comandante helped you to get it there—that Todos Santos was a sort of Sleepy Hollow, and that no one knew anything of the political changes for the last fifty years. Well! what's the fact! Ask Ruiz, there! and Martínez, and they'll both tell you they know that Mexico got her independence in 1826, and that the Council keep it dark that they may perpetuate themselves. They know," he continued, lowering his voice, "that the Commander's commission from the old Viceroy isn't worth the paper it is stamped upon."

"But what about the Church?" asked Brace, hesitatingly, remembering Bank's theory.

"The Church—carambá! the priests were ever with the Escossas, the aristocrats, and against the Yorenos, the men of the Republic—the people," interrupted Martínez, vehemently; "they will not accept, they will not proclaim the Republic to the people. They shut their eyes, so— They fold their hands, so— They say, 'Sicut era principio et nunc et semper in secula seculorum!' Look you, Señor, I am not of the Church—no, carambá! I snap my fingers at the priests. Ah! what they give one is food for the bull's horns, believe me—I have read 'Tompano,' the American 'Tompano.'"

"Who's he?" asked Brace.

"He means Tom Paine! 'the Ago of Reason'—you know," said Winslow, gazing with a mixture of delight and patronising pride at the Radicals of Todos Santos. "Oh! he's no fool—is Martínez, nor Ruiz either! And while you've been flirting with Doña Isabel, and Banks has been trying to log-roll the Padre, and Crosby going in for siestas, I've found them out. And there are a few more—aren't there, Ruiz?"

Ruiz darted a mysterious glance at Brace, and apparently not trusting himself to speak, checked off his ten fingers dramatically in the air thrice. "As many of a surety! God and liberty!"

"But, if this is so, why haven't they done something?"

Señor Martínez glanced at Señor Ruiz.

"Hasta mañana!" he said, slowly.

"Oh, this is a case of 'Hasta mañana!'" said Brace, somewhat relieved.

"They can wait," returned Winslow, hurriedly. "It's too big a thing to rush into without looking round. You know what it means? Either Todos Santos is in rebellion against the present Government of Mexico or she is

independent of any. Her present Government, in any event, don't represent either the Republic of Mexico or the people of Todos Santos—don't you see? And in that case we've got as good a right here as anyone."

"He speaks the truth," said Ruiz, grasping a hand of Brace and Winslow, each: "in this we are—as brothers."

"God and liberty!" ejaculated Martínez, in turn seizing the other disengaged hands of the Americans, and completing the mystic circle.

"God and liberty!" echoed a thin chorus from their host and a few loungers who had entered unperceived.

Brace felt uneasy. He was not wanting in the courage or daring of youth, but it struck him that his attitude was by no means consistent with his attentions to Doña Isabel. He managed to get Winslow aside.

"This is all very well as a 'free lunch' conspiracy; but you're forgetting your parole," he said in a low voice.

"We gave our parole to the present Government. When it no longer exists, there will be no parole—don't you see?"

"Then these fellows prefer waiting!"

"Until we can get outside help, you understand. The first American ship that comes in here—eh?"

Brace felt relieved. After all, his position in regard to the Alcalde's sister would not be compromised; he might even be able to extend some protection over her; and it would be a magnanimous revenge if he could even offer it to Miss Keene. "I see you don't swear anybody to secrecy," he said, with a laugh: "shall I speak to Crosby, or will you?"

"Not yet; he'll only see something to laugh at. And Banks and Martínez would quarrel at once, and go back on each other. No; my idea is to let some outsider do for Todos Santos what Perkins did for Quinquambo. Do you take?" His long, thin, dyspeptic face lit up with a certain small political cunning and shrewdness that struck Brace with a half-respect.

"I say, Winslow; you'd have made a first-class caucus leader in San Francisco."

"There's something better to play on here than ward politics. There's a material here that—like the mine and the soil—aint half developed. I reckon I can show Banks something better than lobbying and log-rolling for contracts. I've let you into this thing to show you a sample of my prospecting. Keep it to yourself if you want it to pay. Dat's me, George! Good bye! I'll be out to the office to-morrow!"

He turned back towards his brother politicians with an expression of satisfied conceit that Brace for a moment envied. The latter even lingered on the verandah as if he would have asked Winslow another question; but, looking at his watch, he suddenly recollected himself, and, mounting his horse, cantered down towards the plaza.

The hour of siesta was not yet over, and the streets were still deserted—probably the reason why the politicians of Todos Santos had chosen that hour for their half-secret meeting. At the corner of the plaza he dismounted, and led his horse to the public hitching-post—gnawn and nibbled by the teeth of generations of mustangs—and turned into the narrow lane flanked by the walls of the Alcalde's garden. Half-way down, he stopped before a slight breach in the upper part of the adobe barrier and looked cautiously around. The long, shadowed vista of the lane was unimpeded by any moving figure on to the yellow light of the empty square beyond. With a quick leap, he gained the top of the wall, and disappeared on the other side.

(To be continued.)

#### UNCLAIMED MONEYS IN CHANCERY.

A supplement to the *London Gazette* has been issued containing a list of the accounts in the books of the Pay Office, Supreme Court of Judicature, to the credit of which there stood on Sept. 1 last any funds not less than £50 which have not been dealt with, otherwise than by the continuous investment or placing on deposit of dividends, during the fifteen years immediately preceding that date. The list, which extends over 138 pages, gives the accounts of the Chancery Division, the Queen's Bench Division (including the late Common Pleas and Exchequer Divisions and Courts), and the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, and the funds formerly in the hands of the Queen's Remembrancer. Of the balances standing to the credit of the accounts, only one-nineteenth exceed £1000, and only one-third exceed £100. The Assistant Paymaster-General is precluded from giving any information respecting any funds in Court mentioned in the list except upon a request signed by the person applying for such information; and if made by any person other than a solicitor, "such information shall not be given unless the applicant is able to satisfy the Paymaster that the request is such as may, in the particular case, be properly complied with." In the case of a request made by a solicitor, such information will not be given unless the request states the name of the person on whose behalf it is made, and that such person is, in the opinion of the applicant, beneficially interested in such funds. An application with respect to funds must quote the correct title of the matter or suit to which such funds are placed; without this information it is impossible to trace an account. A request for information can only be complied with upon its being established to the satisfaction of the Paymaster that the applicant has or might have some beneficial interest; but it is misleading to assume that the mere coincidence of the surname of the original owner of property with the surname of one of the parties to a suit is sufficient evidence of a genuine ground of claim; nor is it within the functions of the Pay Office to investigate any claims founded on such an assumption. Each request must be stamped with a 2s. 6d. adhesive Judicature stamp. Stamps can be obtained at Rooms 6 and 419 of the Royal Courts of Justice, at the district registries of the High Court, and at certain stamp and post offices. It must be borne in mind that funds in Court can only be dealt with under the direction of an order of Court. If no such order already exists, application to the Supreme Court can only be made by a claimant in accordance with the customary form of legal procedure.

The only information which, subject to the conditions mentioned, it is in the power of the Assistant Paymaster-General to furnish is—(a) the amount of the fund in Court; (b) the date of any order of Court affecting the account (if specially required). The Paymaster cannot undertake to reply to applications unless the foregoing instructions are strictly complied with. All official letters should be addressed to the Assistant Paymaster-General, Royal Courts of Justice, London, W.C.

The Paymaster-General states that the only authorised list of such funds is that included in the supplement to the *London Gazette* (of which copies can be obtained from Messrs. Harrison and Sons, 45, St. Martin's-lane, price 1s.), and the public are cautioned against relying upon any information other than that derived from official sources.

At the monthly general meeting of the Zoological Society, the council announced that they had awarded the silver medal of the society to the Maharajah of Kuch-Bihar, in acknowledgement of his valuable donations to the society's menagerie.

#### NEW BOOKS.

If ever man died "with harness on his back" it was the late Bishop of Manchester, a man of heroic soul, large-hearted, self-denying, and consistent, with a freedom from conventionality that was sometimes not a little startling to "the old women of both sexes." The life of such a man is full of interest, and few recent biographies will attract more attention than *James Fraser, Second Bishop of Manchester: A Memoir, 1818-1885*. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. (Macmillan). The biographer effaces himself as much as possible, but it is easy to see how thoroughly he is attracted by the brave, manly character of Bishop Fraser, who did thoroughly whatever he put his hand to do, and threw into the twelve years of his Episcopate as much energy as would suffice most men for a lifetime. Fraser was a brilliant scholar, and his intellectual vigour and sound judgment were displayed as a Commissioner on Education both in England and America; he was not a great thinker or theologian; but won his laurels by the practical work that he accomplished. It is most instructive to follow his career, as Judge Hughes enables us to do, from boyhood. The child is father of the man, and the affection, disinterestedness, and "go," if the term may be admitted, of the youth were evident to the last. He was not an ascetic, but loved all innocent pleasures, and had in his early days a passion for horses. On taking holy orders he gave up hunting, and contented himself, when he had the means, with keeping good horses, and with driving "the best turned-out dog-cart which appeared in Reading on market days, or at quarter sessions." As a country Rector, nothing was neglected either in the parish or the rectory; and Fraser's firmness of character, a firmness not unallied with gentleness, was felt by all his parishioners. He was, we read, a born governor of men with a splendid faculty for organising work, and at Upton, his Berkshire home, "he knew every soul in his parish intimately, and they knew him. He was as popular as man could be with the neighbouring gentry—squires and parsons alike. His flower-garden, kitchen-garden, glebe, and stables were an unfailing source of interest and pleasure to him, and he gloried in the belief that, of their kind, they were the best in the Royal county of Berks, if not in the kingdom." The great qualities of the Upton Rector were noticed by Mr. Gladstone, who offered him the Primacy of India. This was declined, but when the See of Manchester was offered, he felt it his duty to accept that burdensome post. How he worked there, the difficulties he encountered, and the somewhat unclerical freedom with which he expressed his views, are known to all readers familiar with recent Church history. Like Milton, he "steered right onward," and his joyous, healthy temperament carried him through many a stormy encounter. Whether people agreed with Bishop Fraser or not, no one questioned his sincerity; mistaken he might be, unfaithful to conscience he could not be; and if his liberality gave offence it was because he cared more for Christianity than for Churchmanship. Polemical strife was by no means to Bishop Fraser's taste; and as little to his taste was the dignity of his official position. "I would give half I possess," he writes to a friend, "to be back again in my quiet country parsonage. I can't think how I let my friends persuade me that I was fit to be a Bishop." But if ever man was fit for the office Fraser was; and we do not wonder at the influence he exercised in Manchester. Yet he was not at all disposed to flatter the City of Cotton, and said that competition run wild was the curse of our day, and that "shoddy" was ruining England—a statement painfully corroborated in the new series of Consular Reports issued by the Foreign Office. Judge Hughes has done his country many a good literary service, and in delineating the character of a good Bishop he will once more receive the thanks of a large number of readers.

A small volume, published by Mr. David Main, at Glasgow, contains those *Poems by Henry S. Sutton* (of Manchester) which the author has thought fit to collect—the earliest of them having appeared so long ago as 1848—and to present again for serious perusal by thoughtful and devout minds. Some part, however, including the series of very touching and profound religious meditations called "Rose's Diary," had not before come within our notice; and we perceive alterations of not a few expressions in pieces long familiar to us. Mr. Sutton's early youth was passed at Nottingham, the birthplace of Henry Kirke White, to whom he is at least equal in poetical genius; and the local associations, the scenery of the banks of the Trent and Clifton Grove, and the love of rural tranquillity inspired by a landscape of meadow and woodland and gentle river, seemed to have influenced his first compositions. Those local associations, indeed, were already endeared to many readers at a distance by the first writings of William and Mary Howitt, and those of others, both in prose and verse, worthy of life-long remembrance. The narrative, descriptive, and idyllic pieces in which Mr. Sutton's youthful impressions of Nature and human life were cast are remarkably free from the imperfections or excesses, in mere literary style and form, that usually beset provincial juvenile poetry. But much higher value will be set upon the mature products of a spirit intensely animated by the truest piety in the purest and most exalted sense of that word, and by an ardent "enthusiasm of humanity" which embraces the essential ideas of the Christian faith with passionate resolution, applying them sternly, yet very tenderly, to every moral problem of life. After Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and several of Browning's poems, there are none produced in our age more pregnant with spiritual thought upon themes of this kind, and none more thoroughly possessed of a vehement conviction of the Divine Reality, in a Theistic view of the Universe, than some preserved in this volume. The author is, nevertheless, absolutely free from theological dogmatism; and Emerson, whose character is nobly portrayed in one of the poems, cherished the highest personal regard for him, sympathising in a great degree with his strain of religious aspiration. Descending to the literary merits of his compositions, the competent critic will not fail to recognise in Mr. Sutton a consummate master of metrical forms, in many varieties of versification, often improved by his own taste and inventive skill; and of a style not less powerful than graceful, with an exquisite appropriateness in the choice of words, and with uncommon terseness and directness; a style that sometimes recalls that of George Herbert and other good old English lyrical poets. Wit and fancy, too, along with the higher gift of imagination, shine here and there across the graver texture of his poetry, and many a bright epigram could be picked out of it which the reader will find with pleasure.

Miss Susan Wood, B.Sc., has obtained the teacher's diploma in the art, theory, and history of education, at London University. Only eight men and two women have obtained this diploma since the examination was instituted in 1883.—Girton College Scholarships have been awarded to Miss H. Stevenson, Notting-hill High School; Miss G. E. Liberty, Notting-hill High School; and Miss M. G. Hodgson, Blackheath High School.—The Stevenson Scholarship at Newnham College is awarded to Miss E. Appleyard, Middlesbrough High School.—The Reid Scholarship at Bedford College, London, is awarded to Miss A. M. Young, Roan Girls' School, Greenwich.



The London School Board has appointed a Special Committee to consider the present subjects and modes of instruction in schools, and to report whether such changes can be made as shall secure that children when they leave shall be better fitted to perform the duties and work of life.—It has been decided to ask the Education Department for authority to provide centres for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in various parts of London.—An offer from Mr. T. F. Blackwell, Soho-square, of £1000 Consols for a scholarship has been accepted.





AN ENGLISH LADY-PREACHER OF THE "SALVATION ARMY," IN A SWISS TAVERN.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY THE SWEDISH ARTIST, G. CEDERSLÖF.



RAILROAD REVERIES.

FROM EARL'S COURT TO BLACKFRIARS.—No. II.

The rest of this brief journey eastward is all on classic ground. How much history has been made, what splendid pageants, what moving events, what frivolous interludes have not been seen between St. James's Park and Blackfriars! They are so many and mighty, and mean also, that the spirits of the past come up from the depths of memory without the use of any magic spell. No doubt, a profound and sober interest hangs around the whole region of Westminster and Whitehall; yet, by some fatality, St. James's Park chiefly brings up the sparkling figures who revolved around the profligate Monarch "who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," except, it may be, when he suggested the subject of a splendid libel to Dryden, and gave his Royal assent to the Habeas Corpus Act—reluctantly, no doubt, but with the best grace imaginable. Perhaps it is because he had the luck to have his Court and courtiers, male and female, drawn at full length by the witty and audacious De Gramont, sketched by Pepys, hinted at by pious John Evelyn, and etched with such vigour by "Glorious John" and other artists, that this strange and fantastic episode in English history retains its hold on the mind. Probably the real reason is that the second Stuart period is amusing. Charles and his crew of merry men and women are stuck in between a set of events marked by the grim seriousness which preceded and followed him and them. They are a unique panel in English history; and although the reigns of the two brothers were heavily weighted with tragedies, still they present the picture of a brilliant and licentious play without parallel on this side the Channel, and without imitation. Indeed, it may be said that the levity, if not the phosphorescence, was extinguished when Charles died; for James had all his brother's vices, without a particle of his wit and grace. James excites indignation; with Charles, rascal as he was, it is almost impossible to be angry.

He it was who said that he had never lived in any country where, as in England, it was possible to go out of doors on so many days in the year. He did not, of course, refer to London weather only, for he frequently travelled into the rural districts; and he certainly would not have praised the highly carbonised atmosphere of our day. But the parks, the "silver Thames," and the whole neighbourhood of London were pleasant to him. His own park must have been often splendid and picturesque with his set—say on a bright June day, when he sauntered forth to feed the wild fowl. At any time, indeed, there were figures then fitting to-and-fro which still live in song and satire, and look out through the pages of history. Handsome John Churchill—he was "Jack" then—with higher qualities than all of them, a man worthy of a better fate and a nobler time, walking among a bevy of dames, and, mayhap, especially devoted to one Sarah Jennings. Rochester, who gave up to the devil what was meant for mankind, yet told sad truths to his master, Charles, and told them in vain, might step forth in the Mall with Killigrew to lecture and scold Miss Hobart, and devise new mischief. The sententious St. Evremont, banished because he wrote a too sarcastic and truthful letter on the Peace of the Pyrenees, lingered here, perhaps, to give solid advice to De Gramont, the inventive and brilliant Gascon who made sport for the courtiers and himself. He was the younger brother of that Comte de Guiche, afterwards Duc de Gramont, who won the notice of Richelieu by his impudence and address. Calling on the Cardinal for the first time, he found his Eminence in his garden at Ruell, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, and exerting himself to perform

some athletic exercise. The bold young Gascon at once flung down his upper garment and entered with spirit into the trial of strength, taking care, doubtless, not to excel his Eminence. Who cannot figure to himself the shining beauties, the Nellies and Barbaras and Louisas, in rich attire, and the graceful courtiers, under the Park trees, with, it may be, the demure Evelyn looking on, wearing a glum face; or busy, observant Pepys, not in his most brilliant garb, whose conscience smote him so often because he ardently admired the great dames, and flirted outrageously with obscure fair ones, taking a sly note to be imbedded in his ever-astonishing and entertaining diary? The roguish, as well as the honest, statesmen of that day, if there really were any, passed and repassed here, scheming one against the other, at a time when everyone was for himself and few—alas! how few!—were for the State. Nero is a stock example of exultation in, or sublime indifference to, a great calamity. But what shall be thought of Charles and James Stuart, who led the lives they did, openly and without a blush, in a period renowned for national disgraces and national sufferings—fire, pestilence, invasion almost—and who fiddled and danced and gambled, and what they call loved, with the Grand Monarque's gold and silver chinking in their pockets? Perhaps Chiffinch, Progers, and other leonine purveyors shared in the plunder; at all events they flourished on something substantial, and adorned St. James's Park by proxy. We have loitered too long in this Armida garden. The birds, what may be left of them, still sing in the shrubberies, and the ducks are as happy in the water of the park as if Comus and his crew had never wanted and revelled within and without its pale.

Westminster Bridge and Charing-cross are names more profoundly interwoven than St. James's Park with English history. The mind may revert to the period when the river was unspanned by any arches, and the floods of the Thames rolled by and swept round the Isle of Thorney and its marshes. Some lovers of the Arthurian legends wish us to believe that the Lady of Shalott in her boat-bier floated down the Wey into the Thames, and was borne on its full stream until it reached the walls of Camelot on the Isle. The conjecture, we fear, is pleasant, but wrong. At least, it was not on this site where the incident occurred which is quaintly retold in a ballad said to have been recited before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. The old rhymes go off with a fine swing:—

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,  
When Arthur at Camelot kept his court royale,  
And proceed to relate how at the board sat Guenever, amid a throng of knights and ladies, when in came a dwarf clad in a rich scarlet mantle, to deliver an astounding message. He came from King Ryence of North Gales, a potentate who had a mantle "purfeled with kings' beards"; but in that garment there was a "candle" unfilled, and the dwarf announced, on behalf of his master, that unless King Arthur sent his beard, King Ryence would come and rend it from his chin. The uproar which arose may be easily imagined; but, after it had been quelled by Sir Kay, Arthur did full justice to the dwarf by feeding him well and filling his pouch with gold. Then the enraged Monarch declared that he would soon arrive in North Gales with basins and pans, so that King Ryence would see—

Whether Arthur, or he, would prove the best barbor,  
With that he shook his good sword Escalabor—  
a most unwarrantable liberty to take with the venerated title of a famous weapon.

It is difficult to imagine the ancient Island of Thorns upon which the Saxon monks found a home, where Sebert built a

minster, probably of wood, subsequently renewed in stone after it had, mayhap, been burnt down by the Vikings. Even Rurik himself, before he settled in Russia, may have anchored there on his way up the Thames. The abbey arose on the isolated patch of firm land, a palace sprang up beside, and a city encircled it, and Edward the Confessor died in the home of Kings, and still lies buried in the stately fane. What has become of the crucifix and golden chain which the adult chorister plucked from his tomb, and showed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean, one of whom gave it to King Charles—the Charles who died a Catholic? Did James II. get the precious relic and carry it to foreign lands? The island, no doubt, became less and less separated from the mainland, but the early dwellers must frequently have had a hard time when rain-floods and tide-water conspired to inundate their precincts. Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus, and, in a later age, constructed as it is now, has been frequently flooded since Henry III. brought thither the Royal courts, and gave them a fixed local habitation. His stalwart son, "the greatest of the Plantagenets," it is interesting to know, presided over, and made a speech to a public meeting in Old Palace-yard on the eve of one of his warlike operations; and a very striking scene it must have presented. But so much has been done, said, and suffered in the Abbey, with its sanctuary; in the Palace, which became a seat of power mightier than any wielded by Monarchs; and in the Hall, so renowned, that not even the famous schoolboy, when passing by, can fail to draw matter for reflection, bright and gloomy, from the cloisters of his memory. The splendid coronations, the solemn burials, the fierce contests of political parties, the grim and humorous trials, have afforded subjects for whole libraries, and will still afford more, since Westminster remains, what it has been for ages, the very centre and hearth of English history. Within its precincts gather the weak or powerful men who guide, or seem to guide, the State chariot; for not seldom they are run away with—now, because they cannot help it; again, because it suits their convenience. The Courts of Justice have migrated to the eastward. The visits of Royalty are fugitive; but the stored-up power of six hundred years, the great traditions of government, shaken though they may be by the innovator Time, still survive in mature vigour within their ancestral home. Thoughts may and do flash out anywhere; genius is of no locality; but the decisive word is often spoken, the decisive act must still be done in the Royal city where William, as well as Victoria, was crowned, and whence Kings and statesmen for six centuries have wielded the power of England.

In a future Number we shall enter on the last stage in our pilgrimage.

The Earl of Rosse has been elected president of the Royal Dublin Society in the room of the late Duke of Leinster.

Lord Charles Bruce has accepted the office of president of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, eight silver medals, which have been awarded by the King of Sweden and Norway to members of the crew of the British steam-ship Lake Winnipeg, in recognition of their services in rescuing six of the crew of the Norwegian barque Surrey in the Atlantic during the month of February, 1885—a second class silver medal each to Captain William Gould and the mate, Frank Casey; and a third class silver medal each to the seamen, James Ryan, John Richard, John McMahon, Henry Highton, John Murphy, and James Connor.

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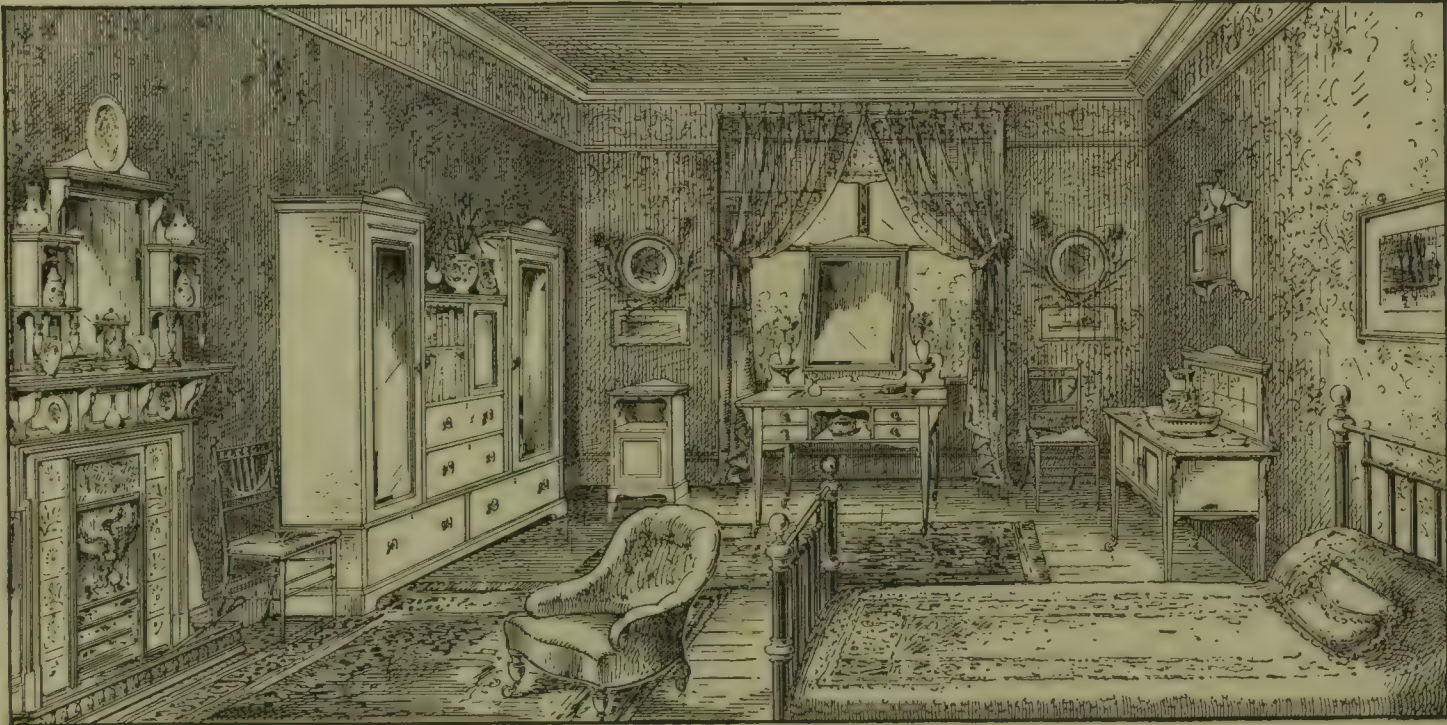
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Comprising a Suite of Furniture of Seven Pieces, Enamelled White, with bevelled-edge Mirrors; Brass Bedstead, Spring Mattress and Bedding complete; Easy-Chair, Pair of Indian Silk Curtains, Blind, Three Indian Rugs, and Fender with Irons. If Chimney-piece is required, £2 10s. extra.

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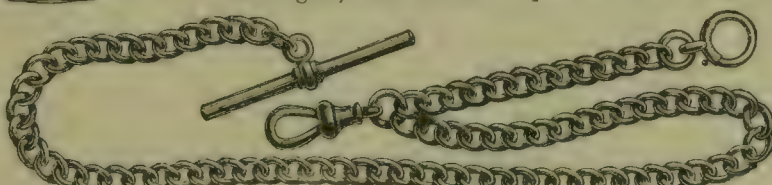
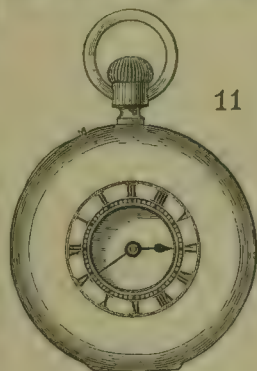
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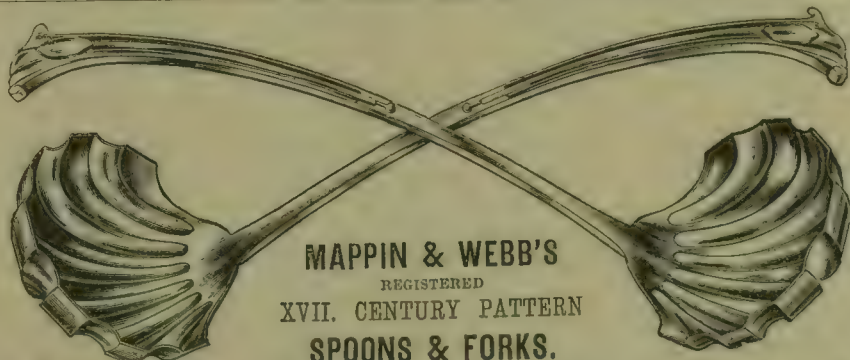
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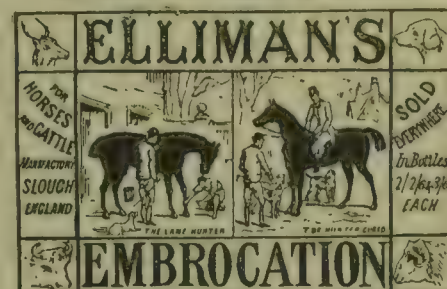
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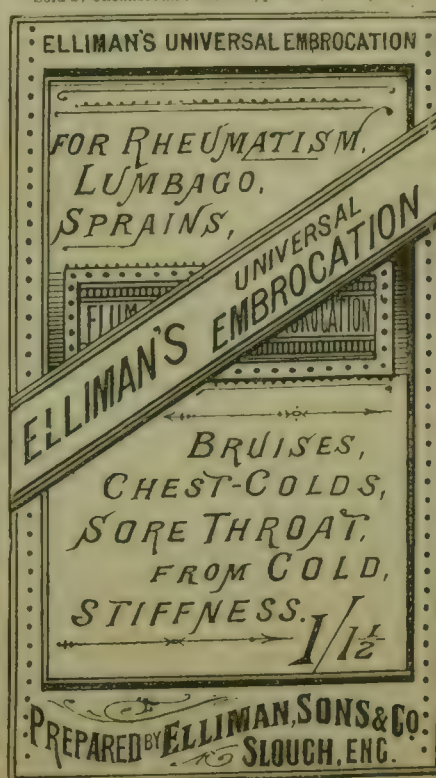
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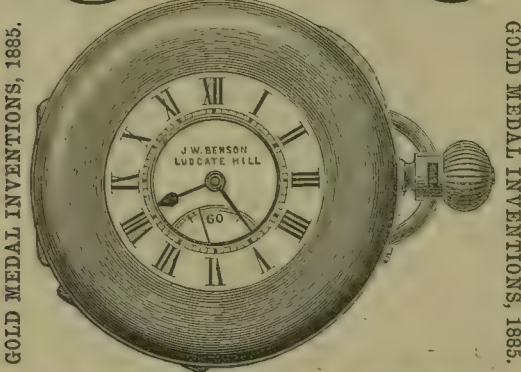
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# LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

(CONTINUED FROM THE SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT OF MARCH 19.)



THE KING OF PRUSSIA, AT A COURT BALL IN 1862, POINTING OUT BISMARCK, HIS NEW MINISTER OF STATE.

"The King's health visibly mended. 'Voilà mon médecin!' he exclaimed, pointing to Bismarck, when a Russian Princess complimented him on his altered looks."



## KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY.

A LIFE SKETCH; BY ATHOL MATHEW.

(Continued from the "Illustrated London News" of last week.)

## PART IV.—THE WAR WITH AUSTRIA, 1866.

This narrative has been brought to the year 1866, when the dispute between Prussia and Austria concerning the disposal of the two provinces, Holstein and Schleswig, which had been taken from the King of Denmark in 1864, and which Prussia, without any pretence of a legitimate title, intended to appropriate, setting aside the claim of the Duke of Augustenburg and the authority of the German Federal Diet, led to a war between the rival Great Powers of Germany, resulting in the defeat of Austria and her expulsion from the Germanic Confederation. In order to achieve this object, the Government of the King of Prussia, counselled by his astute and audacious Minister, Herr Von Bismarck, had solicited and obtained the consent of the French Emperor, Napoleon III., to negotiate with Italy for her active co-operation in the war against Austria, for which Italy was to be rewarded with the acquisition of Venice. All this was arranged by Bismarck in the months between August, 1865, and April, 1866, when the secret treaty of alliance with Italy was signed, the Emperor Napoleon advising Italy to enter into it, while the controversy of Prussia with Austria and her supporters in the Federal Diet at Frankfort was still continued. In the war that ensued, beginning in June, the Prussian Army had a strength of 293,000 men, under the immediate command of King William; but General Von Moltke was the author and personal director of the plan of campaign. It was opposed, in Bohemia, by the Austrian and Saxon armies conjoined, amounting to 276,000 men, under the command of Field-Marshal Benedek; while the forces of Hanover, Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, Bavaria, and Hesse-Darmstadt, were arrayed against Prussia at the outset, but were very speedily driven from the field. Würtemberg and Baden were also on the side of Austria. The campaign in Italy was of secondary importance, but occupied 60,000 of the Austrian troops, whose victory at Custozza, and that of the Austrian fleet at Lissa, did not affect the political result.

On June 18 King William issued his historic proclamation to the German people. "The country is in danger," it ran; "Austria and a great part of Germany stand in arms against our common Fatherland. Wherever we look around us we are surrounded by enemies, whose war-cry is 'Down with Prussia.' We fight for our existence—for life, against those who would hurl Prussia from the high position to which she has risen under the Great Elector and Frederick the Great—a position which Prussia has gained through the intelligence and power of her Princes and the valour and devotion of the people. If God grants us victory we shall be sufficiently strong, and we will reunite the bonds which have held the German States together in some other form, but with more firmness and solidity."

The Prussian troops had already invaded Saxony, Hanover, and Hesse-Cassel, where little or no resistance was made to them; but on June 27, at Langensalza, near Frankfort, there was severe fighting, and the Hanoverian army was forced to surrender. In the meantime, from the 22nd to the 29th, the main army of Prussia had entered Bohemia, and had defeated the Austrians on four successive days, at Turnau, at Nachod, at Trautenau and Skalitz, and on the 29th at Gitschin.

The news of the first victories of the Prussian arms arrived in Berlin on June 29. Joy was deepened to the wildest enthusiasm when General-Intendant Von Hülsen read the war telegrams from the balcony of the King's palace, and it became known that the King was about to leave the capital to place himself at the head of the army. Salvoes of artillery and thundering "Hochs!" for the King rent the air. There was a roar of applauding voices round the palaces of the Crown Prince and Frederick Charles, and a mighty cry for "Bismarck" was raised outside his hotel in the Wilhelmstrasse. The streets, decked with white and black flags, were filled with a living stream that went surging along, singing in turns the grand Lutheran hymn "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" and "Ich bin ein Preusse, kennt ihr meine Farben?" The King was deeply moved by the loyalty and patriotism which was everywhere apparent. He had reached his people's heart at last; but, as he had all along foreseen, only by the sword. German unity and an Emperor's crown were already being attained upon the battle-field. "I thank you," said the King, on that memorable eve, to a deputation of citizens who waited on him in the palace, and presented an address of congratulation and loyalty attested by 20,000 signatures, "I thank you for your acclamations, which I shall carry with me to the Army. With the help of God we have gained the first victory. Still there are many things to be done. Be firm, and remember the motto: 'With God for King and Fatherland!'" On the next day the King, accompanied by his brother Prince Charles, Bismarck, the War Minister Von Roon, and Moltke, left for Sadowa. The first night's halt of the King was made at the Castle of Reichenberg, and the next at Siehrow. "A dangerous resting-place," wrote Bismarck to his wife, from that place. "Had the Austrians sent their cavalry from Leitmeritz, they might have caught the King and all the rest of us." On again the Royal party sped rapidly, past a great stream of Austrian prisoners, till they reached Gitschin, the day after it had been taken by the Frankfort division at the point of the bayonet. The battle-field was still strewn with corpses, horses, and arms. The Prussians had 15,000 prisoners, and, with dead and wounded, the Austrian loss was already computed at 20,000 men. At Gitschin, on the battle-field, Prince Frederick Charles—the "Red Prince," one of the heroes of Sadowa—met his Royal uncle, and, with the King, he drove into the town to the Royal head-quarters, at a shabby little inn, the Golden Lion. Here, before retiring to rest, the King, with a large map spread out before him on the table of the dining-room, held a council of war. On the night of July 2, as the King was on the point of retiring to rest, news was brought from the main army of Frederick Charles by General Voigt-Rhetz. The Austrians, under Benedek, were massed in position, with the Elbe at their back, and the Prussians already facing them. The King was against a general action as the armies stood; but his faith was great in Moltke. "If that General," said the King, "thinks fit to attack, come to me at any hour of the night, and you will find me ready with the necessary orders." In the night came Moltke, Voigt-Rhetz, and Prince Frederick Charles—the latter from Kamenitz, his head-quarters—with plans of battle for the morrow. At the outbreak of the war, and in obedience to Moltke's well-known strategy of "marching separately and doing battle conjointly," half of the Prussian army, under the Crown Prince, had entered Bohemia from the east, and the other half, under the Red Prince, by Dresden, from the north. Benedek, on July 2, was between the two hosts, with his back to the Elbe. If the Crown Prince could be summoned from Trautenau in time to prevent Benedek shifting his ground, then, as Moltke saw, the Austrians were in a trap, and could be taken in front and flank. But the fate of the day depended upon the advance of the Crown Prince; for the Austrians showed a front of six corps d'armée to Prince

Frederick Charles, who was greatly outnumbered. But the calculations of Moltke had been so made that if the Crown Prince received his orders at once, there would be time for him to break upon the Austrian columns, could Prince Frederick Charles but hold them in check till noon on the morrow. To this end battle would have to be given with early morning. These plans of Moltke were sanctioned by the King, and in the depth of night Count Finck von Finkenstein set out upon his perilous and all-important ride to hasten up the Crown Prince.

The morning of the famous third of July broke cheerlessly amid fog and rain as the King started for the battle-field. At eight Prince Frederick Charles, careful to hold the Austrians in their place, opened fire. At nine, far above the thunder of the guns, rang a ringing shout as the King, accompanied by Bismarck, wearing the uniform of a Major of Landwehr, Von Roon, and Von Moltke, rode upon the field and took up a commanding position from which they could overlook the action of the troops. And now the battle raged, and battalion upon battalion was sent by Frederick Charles against the firm columns of Benedek. From the outset the Prussians were overweighted; and during full three hours the Austrians more than held their own. "Would that noon and the Crown Prince were here!" Moltke well might have exclaimed. But he rode silent and impassive beside the King through the din and smoke, his face fixed, without an apparent thought to ruffle his placid brow. Soon there came fears that the enemy might break through the Prussian centre, and the Brandenburg reserve was ordered by Frederick Charles to be ready for action. Noon had come, and even the iron Bismarck was nervously scanning the distance with his field-glass. An anxious interval passed thus, and then his keen eye detected upon the distant ridges of the hills, not plough-furrows as he at first thought, but columns of marching men. Moltke had seen them, too. The Crown Prince and victory were at hand! A triumphant shout went up around the King; but Moltke calmly returned his glasses to their case, and quietly saying "Es stimmt" (it tallies)—for his previous calculation as to the Crown Prince's marching-power was in his mind—he rewarded himself with a pinch of snuff. With the advent of the Crown Prince, fresh heart was put into the battle. The Brandenburg reserve rushed to the attack from Prince Charles's side, and almost simultaneously 30,000 Prussian Guards, with the Crown Prince, broke in upon Benedek's salient angle. The Austrians, as Moltke had planned it, were now taken in front, flank, and rear, and before the evening fell, Königgrätz (or Sadowa) had been fought and won by Prussia. "I praise God for his grace," telegraphed King William to Queen Augusta. "We are all well. Let salvoes of artillery be fired in honour of our victory." Six days after Sadowa, Bismarck wrote to his wife from Hohenmauth a description of his King's bearing through that eventful battle. "The King exposed himself greatly during the day," the letter ran, "and it was well I was with him, for all the warnings of others were in vain, and no one would have spoken as I did on the last occasion, when a knot of ten cuirassiers and fifteen horses of the Cuirassier Regiment were rolling about in their blood, and shells were dropped in unpleasant proximity to our Sovereign. The worst of them did not explode. Yet I would rather have it so than that he should be overprudent. He was full of enthusiasm for his troops, and justly, so that he never remarked the noise and fighting around him, and sat quiet and comfortable as if at Kreuzburg."

The day after Sadowa, King William addressed a long letter to Queen Augusta, in which he graphically described the scenes of the battle-field. "The joy," he wrote, "when the troops saw me is indescribable. The officers grasped my hands and kissed them, which, of course, I could not prevent. And so it went on, amid the fire of cannon, ceaselessly advancing from one regiment to another. Everywhere constant calls for cheers. These are moments which one must experience in order to understand them. Our cavalry regiments dashed forth, when a cavalry fight took place before my eyes. The battle-field over which I rode presented a terrible scene. Now the infantry advanced in the valley to the banks of the Elbe, whilst from the other side of the river came a heavy firing of shells, into which I happened to get, and from which Bismarck removed me with stern admonition. The excitement I was in, as you can readily imagine, was of a mixed kind—joy and mourning! Finally, I met Fritz, with his staff, at eight o'clock in the evening. What an evening to such a day! and what a moment, after having passed through all! I, myself, decorated him with the Order 'pour le mérite,' as the tears of joy were rolling down his cheeks."

With the decisive victory at Sadowa the war was practically at an end. A strife of seven weeks had achieved that which Frederick the Great failed to gain in seven years. Austria was at Prussia's feet, and Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Frankfurt, and Schleswig-Holstein could be annexed to King William's dominions; but now came the conditions of peace. For a time it was thought that Prussia was bent upon dictating terms from the very heart of the Austrian capital. But the eager sword was sheathed by the cautious hand of diplomacy. King William's work was done and Bismarck's labour began. Austria was not solely to be considered; there was France to be conciliated in these peace negotiations—France, to be treated with deference in '66 and to be braved in '70!

## PART V.—THE WAR WITH FRANCE, 1870.

Yet, in the relations which then stood between the two countries, the "good offices" of Napoleon could not be rejected. None the less were they accepted by King William with diplomatic circumspection. On July 10, Prince Reuss presented an autograph letter from the Prussian King to the French Emperor, demanding, as a first condition of peace, "the exclusion of Austria from the Bund." Distasteful as this stipulation may have been to Napoleon, he found it advisable to urge Austria to consent. The preliminary peace negotiations at Nikolsburg followed, and from July 14 to July 26 M. Benedetti was most adroitly fenced with by Bismarck. On the part of Prussia, it was laid down that no treaty of peace could be consummated, except with the consent of Italy; and it was moreover stipulated that France should take upon herself the responsibility of inducing Austria to accept the conditions upon which any such peace-treaty should be drafted. Upon this Napoleon submitted six conciliatory proposals to the Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna, followed, on July 20, by Bismarck's famous despatch, in which it was declared, on the authority of the King, "that he would sooner abdicate than return without some important territorial acquisition." On July 26, M. Benedetti was "much surprised to hear" from Bismarck that the preliminaries of peace had been concluded between Prussia and Austria, outside "the good offices" of France; nor was the *entente cordiale* between Napoleon and King William strengthened upon the latter intimating to the former, in answer to a demand for some compensation for France upon the left bank of the Rhine, that "after such a glorious campaign the King of Prussia could surrender nothing."

By the treaty of Prague, which followed on the preliminaries of Nikolsburg, Austria was finally excluded from Germany; and Prussia annexed, as we have already said, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Frankfurt, and Schleswig-

Holstein. All the States to the north of the Main, including the northern half of Hesse-Darmstadt, were compelled to join the North German Confederation under the leadership of Prussia, whilst the South German States were left pseudo-independent, though, as the Franco-German hostilities proved later on, a secret treaty existed, by virtue of which these "independent" States undertook to place their armies at the disposal of Prussia in time of war.

On Aug. 4 King William arrived from before Vienna in Berlin, and on Sept. 20 he made another triumphal entry into the capital at the head of his victorious army. A general amnesty was declared, and the nation, elated by the recent splendid achievements, willingly forgot past disputes, as was at once observable in the loyal attitude assumed by the newly-elected House of Representatives. In the speech from the Throne to the Landtag delivered on Aug. 5, the King acknowledged that since 1863 the expenditure had been deprived of its lawful basis, and expressed a hope that late events had contributed so far to change matters in reference to home affairs, that the Parliament would readily and loyally grant the requisite indemnity.

On Feb. 24, 1867, the constituent diet of the North German Confederation was called into existence, the members of which were elected by universal suffrage and the ballot. Previous to this, a definite treaty with the confederating States had been concluded on Feb. 7, and five days later the Reichstag had assembled for the purpose of considering the new Federal constitution. Despite the example of the North, the South Germans soon proved themselves bitterly opposed to incorporation under the Prussian scheme of unity. Prussian diplomacy, which was then held to spell Prussian aggrandisement and the omnipotence of Bismarck, was held in utter detestation by the Southern democratic party, and, in particular, by the Bavarian anti-nationalists. Nor was the programme of the Northern "National Liberals"—a purely patriotic party—regarded with favour by the Southern Ultramontanes, who had conceived a vehement dislike to a nation which continually boasted that it was the head-quarters of Protestantism and free-thought. Thus, the foremost Southern States contributed in no small degree to defeat the ends for which the Zoll-Verein or "Customs Union" had been called by North German patriots into existence:—to further German unity by the common action of North and South German States.

The Great Paris Exhibition took place in 1867 and was attended by King William. The occasion was rendered memorable by an attempt upon the life of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who was also a guest of the French Emperor, and was seated with Napoleon in a carriage immediately preceding that occupied by the King of Prussia and the Crown Prince. Napoleon doubtless sought at this period to establish such an intimate personal relationship between Alexander and himself as that which was already existing between King William and the Russian Emperor. The perpetration of the outrage in the French capital had the effect, however, of completely frustrating Napoleon's intentions. Had he been more successful, he might possibly have been able to bring about an alliance with Russia which would have considerably strengthened his hands against Prussia.

There is not space here to dwell upon the many political moves played upon the Prussian board from '66 to '70, or to chronicle the successive checks given by King William and his Machiavellian Minister to the then turbulent and anti-Prussian South. Suffice it that, in consequence of the attitude of the King of Hanover and the Elector of Hesse, the King of Prussia, acting upon a report from the Minister of State, decreed on March 2, 1868, the seizure of the property of the King of Hanover, and the non-suit of his Majesty in the action for the payment of interest; and that the same arbitrary measures were adopted against the Elector of Hesse, and were approved by the Prussian Landtag on Jan. 29, 1869.

In the estimation of judges of the military business, Germany had proved herself, if not the superior, at least the equal of the first-fighting nations in Europe. Before '66 Austria was held second alone to France; but after the brilliant and unparalleled *coup de guerre* of the six weeks' campaign, Prussia was regarded on all sides, save one, as the most formidable Power having an army on a war-footing. By many shrewd politicians of the times—and Bismarck was undoubtedly numbered among them—it was now foreseen that the military supremacy of Prussia would not be allowed to assert itself unchallenged. Thus, as the successful Danish war had led to Austro-Prussian hostilities, so the decisive victory of Sadowa was the forerunner of a mightier contest. Despite protestations of Prussia to the contrary, her action between the end of the Austrian war and the commencement of the French campaign may be taken as strong evidence that, although she did not absolutely desire a war with her French neighbour, she was aware of her military might. It had been severely tested, and was now doubly proved. For, not content with the achievements of the late war, the army had again been subjected to a careful reorganisation. Moltke and his staff had criticised their own system as severely through success as they would have analysed it in failure. The Austrian campaign taught them much, and by '70 Germany had profited splendidly by the lesson. France, on the contrary, was blind to her own defects. The prestige of Napoleon would not permit him to be aware of them. Had he scrutinised more closely his own military system; had he assured himself, instead of trusting to the assurances of others; had, as a matter of fact, the French army existed more in reality and less on paper; had French generalship been more apparent and less traditional; had there been increased discipline in the ranks and fewer skeleton regiments in the cupboards of the French War Office; had France, in short, relied more upon the practical lessons of recent campaigns, and less upon the traditional sentiment of historic battle-fields, and, by so doing, learnt from Solferino as much as Germany had taught herself at Sadowa;—then, and only then, could she have expected success in a contest with a Power which, on the eve of the impending war, undoubtedly boasted the best-disciplined, best-organised, best-equipped, and best-administered army that was ever held in readiness for battle. France, however, confident to rashness in her own prowess, saw in military Germany only a foe worthy of her steel. The Luxemburg question was raised. "But Prussia," says the German official account of the diplomatic incidents which led to the Franco-Prussian war, "but Prussia, who wished to preserve peace so long as it was consistent with her honour, showed the greatest moderation." The doubtful right of garrisoning Luxemburg was exchanged for its neutralisation. This diplomatic success, we are told on the same authority, did not satisfy the French, though in the face of the Opposition "César hesitated to draw the sword." But the weakness of the Paris Government on the one hand, and the pressure on the other of the Liberal party, who represented the national honour as in danger, are held by the Germans to have been the conflicting forces which placed the Emperor and his dynasty in jeopardy. "In any case," we learn, "the Government stood in need of some new and great success, and it was certain that a conflict with Prussia would find most sympathy with the prevailing feeling in the country. A pretext was therefore sought for a rupture with that State



(Prussia), and was found, for want of a better one, in the affair of the succession to the Spanish throne."

On July 3, 1870, there appeared in the "Havas Correspondence" a communication to the effect that the Crown of Spain being vacant by the revolution of July, 1868, "the Spanish Ministry had resolved to elect the hereditary Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern as their King, and that a deputation had been dispatched to Germany to offer him the Spanish Crown." This announcement was regarded by France as a great indignity, and was treated as such in a violent speech by the Duke de Grammont in the Corps Législatif two days after it was known that Prince Leopold had signified his intention of accepting the proffered Crown. At the present date, when more light has been thrown upon this incident of the Spanish candidature, there are those who hold that Prussia cannot be credited with those pacific intentions to which she so persistently laid claim at the time she upheld the Prince of Hohenzollern's pretensions. The candidature was known to be highly distasteful to France, who, in 1869, had informed Prussia through M. Benedetti, the French Ambassador at Berlin, that the Empire would never permit a Prussian Prince to reign beyond the Pyrenees.

When M. Benedetti at Ems, on July 7, demanded that Prince Leopold's candidature should be withdrawn, the reply he received from King William was not deemed satisfactory by the French Government. The King declared that he could act merely as head of the family, and inasmuch as he had given no directions for Leopold's acceptance of the Crown, he had equally no orders to rescind. The Duc de Grammont telegraphed to Benedetti to obtain a categorical answer, "Yes" or "No," to the question "Would Leopold withdraw?" King William stated that he had already declared that the Prince was fully at liberty to act for himself. "For myself," he said, "I can neither command nor prohibit his acceptance." However, the question was answered by the Prince himself on July 12, as he then voluntarily cancelled his previous acceptance, acting upon the advice of his father, Prince Anton von Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. But this was not sufficient for the French Foreign Minister; and M. Benedetti was instructed to demand that King William should personally declare that Leopold then and there renounced all future claim to the Spanish Throne. In reply to this demand, his Majesty repeated that he could only act as a private individual and not as King of Prussia, that he could give no further guarantee, and that he disavowed all such obligations then and for ever. The King turned to his Adjutant, Count Lehnendorff, who was in attendance, with the request that he would assure M. Benedetti that he had nothing further to communicate to him on the subject.

The next day Benedetti intimated that he was about to leave for Paris in the evening. King William, who was then leaving for Coblenz, declared that further negotiations would be conducted by his Ministers. Upon that the French representative handed in what was really the declaration of war (although the formal declaration was not made in Berlin till the 19th). The King embraced the Crown Prince, and, says the official account, "was deeply moved." He declared to those around him "My people are so enthusiastic we can march fearlessly into the future, victory is certain."

The civic authorities at Berlin presented an address on the 18th, in reply to which King William gave utterance to some characteristic sentences. "God knows I am not responsible for this war," he declared; "the demands were such that I could do no other than reject them. I have received expressions of approval of my reply from all Germany, and even from Germans beyond the seas. Heavy sacrifices will be demanded from my people. I will not deny that our successes in late wars, gained by the help of God, have made us somewhat too confident of victory. But we shall not come off so cheaply this time. Still, I know well what I may expect from my Army—from those who hasten to the flags. I know, too, what I can expect from those called upon to relieve the sorrow and misery, to heal the wounds, entailed by war."

The day following, the North German Parliament was opened; when the King was enthusiastically received, and delivered a stirring speech in that Assembly. "Germany, unaware of her strength, has, even in her disunion, silently grown in power for centuries. To-day her preparations are advanced. She no longer affords inducement to her enemies to invade her. She holds the power to repel any renewed attack from France." He affirmed that his Government had had nothing to do with the candidature of Prince Leopold for the Spanish Throne, and that it had been seized upon by France, and urged persistently as the groundwork of a quarrel, even subsequent to its withdrawal, in a manner foreign to the principles of diplomatic intercourse. He recognised the responsibility resting upon him who should drag two prominent peace-loving peoples into a devastating war, and ascribed all to the personal interests and passions of those who held sway in France.

Napoleon had reckoned without his host, as regards the position to be assumed by the South German principalities. He could scarcely have been prepared for their unanimously rallying around the Prussian standard the instant he declared war with that Power. Bavaria was the first to announce her adhesion to King William's cause, and her lead was quickly followed by her neighbours. The French Journal *Officiel* of July 19 had referred to "audacious encroachments made by Prussia, destroying the independence of South German States," but all to no purpose; for, directly the war-note of France was heard, jealousies of four years' standing were forgotten, and German unity was made possible—was precipitated, in fact—by the effort to hinder its consummation.

The South German Governments, therefore, those of the King of Bavaria, the King of Württemberg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, immediately after the sitting of the Federal Council of North Germany on July 16, mobilised their contingents of troops, which they placed under the command of the King of Prussia, according to the stipulations made in August, 1866. King William, on July 25, issued a proclamation stating that all Germany was in arms for a war, the result of which should be the liberty and unity of the German nation. The French declaration of war had been delivered at Berlin on the 19th. The German army which was commanded by the Crown Prince of Prussia, composed of the South German troops, was assembled at Spire, on the Rhine, whence it moved to Landau, and advanced through the Palatinate, on the first days of August, to the French frontier, which then extended from Lauterberg, on the Rhine, through Weissenburg, Forbach, Saarbrück, and along the river Saar in a northwesterly direction to Treves. At the same time, General Steinmetz led another German army from Treves up the Moselle; while Prince Frederick Charles's army, with the Royal head-quarters, crossed the Rhine on the 1st and took up its position to the left of Steinmetz's force, occupying Zweibrücken and Pirmasens, the main body being echeloned along the railway line from Landstuhl to Landau. The Prussian King set out for the seat of war on the 31st, three days later than Napoleon, who had established himself at Metz on the 25th. Before starting, William again protested that the war was not sought by Prussia, that battle was accepted in defence of Fatherland, and he granted amnesty to all political offenders. But three days had elapsed when the King was able to

write to Queen Augusta, after the battle of Weissenburg, on the 4th—"God be praised for this first glorious achievement; may He help us further!"—and on the 6th the King telegraphed for salutes to be fired in honour of the "great new victory" of Wörth, which had been "won by Fritz." Undoubtedly it was scarcely possible to overestimate the severity of the blow thus inflicted upon France. MacMahon's forces fell back on Nancy, leaving open the passes of the Vosges mountains. Thoroughly disorganised and disheartened, his army could never be rallied on its retreat westward; and, being hard pressed by the Crown Prince, this force was compelled to retire upon Châlons, in all numbering sixteen thousand only, or but two fifths of its original strength.

Having shattered the French forces at Weissenburg, Wörth, and Forbach, the Prussian King was able to dispose his troops to such advantage as to drive the French farther and farther westward. When he had established himself on French soil, King William proclaimed to "the inhabitants of French territories occupied by German armies" his intention to respect the rights of property as regarded non-combatant citizens, warning such misguided persons as might place themselves in "opposition to the usages of war." On the other hand the commanders of the different corps would fix the rate of exchange and otherwise facilitate the individual transactions between his troops and such of the inhabitants as were disposed to act upon his recommendations. This notification was issued on the 11th, and two days later Bazaine was practically cut off from communication with the retreating MacMahon by the interposition of Prussian scouts at Pont-à-Mousson, on the Moselle. At this time King William was at Hery, fourteen miles from Metz, with an army of a quarter of a million men. The Emperor Napoleon left Metz the next day for Paris, and Bazaine formally took command. MacMahon was not available, had his leadership even been desired rather than that of Bazaine, for he was still flying westward toward Paris before the advancing Crown Prince.

Bazaine had intended to make good his retreat upon Verdun whilst there yet remained time, but on the 14th the engagement of Courcelles seriously interfered with this project. Napoleon's fête day, the 15th, passed uneventfully; but on the 16th commenced that series of terrible battles, lasting three days, in which Bazaine's escaping forces were finally rolled up and driven back upon the fortress, never more to offer serious opposition. By nine o'clock on the 18th the last fearful volley had been discharged at the Prussian position and the combat of Gravelotte had decided the fate of the French armies. Bismarck, who had been with King William, had betrayed great anxiety while yet the issue remained doubtful, venturing even within bullet range. The stout old King, after being fifteen hours in the saddle, supped on a plate of rice and soup from a camp-kettle, and had intended to bivouac on the battle-field amid his troops; but an empty house was discovered at Rezonville which by some chance had not been taken possession of by the hospital corps, and here he was lodged for the night. The following morning was devoted to an early journey to Pont-à-Mousson, and subsequently the victor of Gravelotte was visited by the Crown Prince, who received at his Royal father's hands the decoration of the Iron Cross, in memory of Weissenburg and Wörth.

The King's despatch to Queen Augusta contains so lucid an account of the day's fighting that we cannot do better than reproduce it *in extenso* :—

REZONVILLE, August 19, 1870.  
Yesterday was the day of a new victory, the consequences of which cannot be estimated at present. At an early hour the 12th Corps, the Guards, and the 9th Corps, advanced in the direction of the northern road leading from Metz to Verdun, as far as St. Marcel and Doncourt, followed by the 3rd and 10th Corps, while the 7th and 8th, and then the 2nd, took up a position at Rezonville, facing Metz.

As the former corps were wheeling to the right, in thickly-wooded ground, towards Verneville and St. Privat, the latter opened an attack on Gravelotte, but not violently, as they awaited the completion of the flanking movement against the strong position of Amanvillers-Châtel, up to the Metz road. This extended manoeuvre brought the 9th Corps into action at twelve o'clock, and the pivot corps only at four o'clock. The enemy made a vigorous resistance from the woods, so we gained ground but slowly. St. Privat was taken by the Guards, Verneville by the 9th Corps; and then the 12th Corps and the artillery of the 3rd came into the fight.

Gravelotte, with the woods on both sides, was taken and maintained by troops of the 7th and 8th Corps, with considerable loss.

With the intention of attacking a second time the enemy's troops forced back by our flanking movement, an advance through Gravelotte was undertaken in the dusk of the evening; but our men were received with such terrible discharges from rifle-pits, with *en étage* and rifle-fire, that the 2nd Corps, on reaching the spot, had to attack the enemy with the bayonet, carrying successfully and retaining this strong position.

It was half-past eight o'clock when the firing totally ceased. At the advance I have just mentioned, I was again greeted with the historical shells of Königgrätz, from the neighbourhood of which I was this time removed by Minister Von Roon. All the troops I saw saluted me with enthusiastic hurrahs. They performed miracles of courage against an equally brave enemy, who defended every foot of ground and repeatedly took the offensive, though invariably driven back.

What the fate of the enemy will be now, I cannot up in the fortified and very strong position at Metz, cannot yet be predicted.

I am afraid to inquire about our losses, or to mention individuals, as only too many have been named to me—often, indeed, without confirmation. Your regiment has fought brilliantly; Waldersee is wounded severely, it is said, but not mortally. I intended to bivouac here, but found a room in the course of a few hours, where I reposed on the Royal sick-carriage. As I have not brought any of my baggage with me from Pont-à-Mousson, I have not undressed myself for thirty hours.

I thank God that He has given us the victory.

From the German official account of the Gravelotte action, we know that it was arranged that General Steinmetz's army should remain in concealment until such time as the second army, under Prince Frederick Charles, should have accomplished its allotted task in the direction of Verneville and St. Marie-au-Chiers. Steinmetz's force was ordered to advance about noon, and subsequently bombs were heard and seen in the Verneville neighbourhood, indicating that the requisite junction of the two armies had been effected.

The combats of the three days around Metz must ever rank as among the most obstinate and determined in history. Bazaine had doubtless realised fully how utterly paralysed all future effort must be should the enemy succeed in confining him within the fortress. The Germans were, on the other hand, equally conscious of the paramount necessity of preventing his escape. As a consequence, both sides fought with absolute fury. Perhaps never had commanders evinced greater recklessness in the expenditure of human life than was done in the case of the Germans, who had resolved, at all hazards, and at appalling cost in men, to effectually imprison Bazaine's mighty army. Viewing all by the light of subsequent events, we know how thoroughly they were justified in sacrificing so much to this supreme effort. Upon its success depended the limitation of a struggle which, otherwise, had no visible bounds. With half the French army caged in Metz, the main portion of the conquerors' task had been accomplished. It was not a certainty, however, even as late as seven p.m. on the 18th, that Bazaine would not get away. The Prussian King was sitting beside a garden wall near Rezonville, when they brought him news of the favourable termination of the struggle. His Majesty's throne on this occasion consisted of a rail propped up by a weighing-machine at one end, and by the carcass of a dead horse at the other. Prince Charles, Bismarck, Von Roon, and others stood around him. Moltke came up—he had been in the thick of the fight—and announced: "Please your Majesty, we have conquered; we have driven the enemy out of all his positions!" The King drank, out of a broken beer-glass, some abominable red wine which a handy

sutler was able to produce; and Bismarck regaled himself, in a different fashion, with a lump of black bread. But all rejoiced equally at this cheerful intelligence. It is not given even to conquerors to experience comfort on a battlefield; his Majesty had to go supperless to bed, and Bismarck searched long and vainly for a couch of any kind: the wounded and their attendants were everywhere. Even amid that marvellous perfection of mechanism which characterises the German Army, the "Kranken-träger" Corps is remarkable. Some of these wear uniform, others are in plain clothes, but all bear the red cross, and march mainly afoot, as do the Sisters of Mercy. Attention to minute detail, and deadly, earnest purpose, are the distinguishing features of the entire German Army. The troops marched without a note of music, not even the beat of drum, nothing but sheer discipline to regulate their movements. Glitter and noise were banished from the German soldier's life when they had to do real work; such was their intensely practical view of warfare.

Even thus early in the campaign, the fatal indecision and lack of preparation on the part of the French began to be apparent. The Emperor Napoleon moved about from place to place, apparently with no definite object in view. General Changarnier, with whom he had been at feud for years, was either sent for or voluntarily sought the Emperor at Metz. He was another officer who had, like Bazaine, achieved distinction in Algeria, against an enemy in no way comparable to that with which they now had to deal; and these Generals were versed in a mode of warfare which, indeed, was rather calculated to unfit them for a campaign like the present. Changarnier's antagonism to Napoleon had been notorious for twenty years; but the Emperor was delighted now to receive this veteran at Metz; and though, at seventy-eight years of age, Changarnier's day of usefulness had gone by, he, nevertheless, obtained a command. The Emperor had left Metz two days before the series of disasters which culminated in Gravelotte had commenced. By this time Marshal MacMahon at Châlons had an army of 140,000 men in his camp, of whom 105,000 were seasoned troops, re-combined after the defeat at Wörth. The remainder were raw Gardes Mobiles, who infected the other troops with their lack of discipline. At one time, indeed, MacMahon's entire force seemed to have gone mad: men of all arms of the service took to pillaging the commissariat supplies, and selling their spoils to hucksters; the railway was strewn with barrels of wine and gunpowder, biscuits, bales of clothing, coffee, provisions of all sorts, mingled with shot and shell. The Emperor's fête-day was observed at Châlons in sullen silence; while around Metz on that day their comrades were awaiting the blow which would crush them into military prostration, only to emerge as captives on Oct. 28. The Regency Government at Paris now took a fatal false step; instead of allowing MacMahon to retire with his forces, such as they were, upon Paris, for the better defence of the capital, a design of relieving Metz was conceived by the Ministers of the Empress-Regent. MacMahon was ordered to turn his steps eastward, and had no choice but to obey. Though Napoleon III. entirely dissented from the proposed course, he would not set himself in opposition to those into whose hands he had temporarily yielded his sovereign power.

On Aug. 21, MacMahon broke up his camp at Châlons, and marched towards Rheims. The intention was that he should push through the Argonne hills, cross the Meuse to Montmédy, Longuyon, and Thionville, and thence direct an embarrassing attack against the besiegers of Metz. But his movements were not sufficiently rapid; and his guns were badly horsed, his cavalry few and inferior, his infantry a medley of raw levies and discontented, disheartened soldiers. The self-deposed Emperor hung on the skirts of this army, encumbering it with the pomp of state, and with him, a witness of the gathering clouds of disaster—Prince Louis Napoleon, the child who had been brought from the Tuileries, three weeks before, to receive "a baptism of fire."

On August 23 MacMahon got clear of Rheims, and next day the Prussians, on nearing Châlons, first discovered that he was missing. They assumed that he had marched straight for Paris, and it was only on the 27th that they got fairly upon his roundabout tracks, and the Crown Prince began to head him off from Montmédy, and turn him towards Sedan, where his retreat would be stopped, to the east, by the marshes and forests of the Ardennes.

On the morning of the 31st, Sedan was in view; that evening, Bazeilles was shelled. The army of the Crown Prince had but to cross the Meuse to attack the French right; their left was menaced by the Crown Prince of Saxony, who had already crossed, and was advancing. And now arrived on the scene the indefatigable old King—a thorough Commander-in-Chief. When the war broke out, the reputation of Moltke and Bismarck was great enough to eclipse all other military pretensions; but it was soon seen that Wilhelm himself was a skilful master in the employment of the mighty engine of warfare he had created. He controlled its administration, and directed its personnel; he scanned the field with an eye as clear and keen as though twenty-three years instead of seventy-three had passed over his well-knit frame; and he knew the German soldier from boot to helmet-spike, and what the soldier could do. He had a long consultation with the Crown Prince before his return to his own quarters at Vendresse. The field-telegraph silently bore their dispositions for the morrow's battle; while for miles around Chemery, the Prince's station, the hills seemed ablaze with the camp-fires of the assembled German forces.

Sedan, the scene of the next day's stupendous struggle, is a town and fortress on the east bank of the Meuse, 160 miles north-east of Paris. For several days previous to Aug. 30 there had been more or less serious conflicts between portions of MacMahon's forces and those of the Crown Prince of Prussia, at Attigny, at Buzancy, Dun, Stenay, and Mouzon. On the 29th, Vrigny, between Attigny and Vouziers, which was occupied by French infantry, chiefly Turcos, was stormed and captured by Prussian Hussars.

But on the 30th there took place two serious engagements which made still more evident the desperate character of MacMahon's enterprise.

The Saxon Crown Prince had arrived at Dun, on the east bank of the Meuse, by the 28th and disputed the passage of the river. At Stenay he possessed himself of both banks. The Crown Prince of Prussia was close up. MacMahon's flank and rear were at once threatened, and he was hemmed into the angle formed by the converging frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg. At Mouzon he sustained a severe defeat, having been driven across to the east side of the Meuse by the Prussians. Before him lay Sedan, the Saxons were on his other hand. The natural advantages of the position, however, were with him. He was covered by two rivers, and by obstacles to attack of every kind. His force consisted of at least 110,000 men, with 440 guns. But the combined Prussian armies contained probably not fewer than 240,000 men, with 650 guns. Their plan was to hem in the French upon Sedan, and deprive it of even the possibility of retreat. The Saxons were to assail the extreme left and front simultaneously, and subsequently, when successful, to send a force round to the French rear. The Crown Prince of Prussia was to attack the right



LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I.



ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF SADOWA, JULY 2, 1866.

“‘If that General,’ said the King, ‘thinks fit to attack, come to me at any hour of the night, and you will find me ready with the necessary orders.’”



LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I.



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I. AT A BOAR-HUNT.

*"His Majesty has continued, in spite of his great age, to enjoy the sport of hunting; and his rifle has killed many a wild boar in the beech-forests of North Germany."*



centre at Bazelles and Balan, and overwhelming the right wing, to effect a junction with the Crown Prince of Saxony on the north. The whole day on Aug. 31 was devoted to placing the various corps in position, till, partly by their own admirable plans and partly by the rashness and mismanagement of the French, the Prussians had succeeded in their endeavour to entrap the army of Napoleon III.

The morning of Sept. 1 breaks foggy, but speedily clears, and the air becomes crisp and fresh. By six o'clock the Saxon Crown Prince has begun his work, and by eight he has driven the French in upon a line which they are stoutly defending. The roar of battle east of Sedan becomes terrific; Bazelles is seen to be in flames. The King, on a knoll over Wadelincourt, tightly buttoned in his usual uniform, twitches his white moustache, but speaks only at long intervals. Bismarck, in the white Cuirassier's uniform, is smoking and chatting easily with General Sheridan, of the United States; while Moltke is in a musing attitude—right hand to face, left hand supporting right elbow near the hip. There is Prince Adalbert, wearing a sailor's uniform; and behind, is the black face of the King's negro page, who rolls his goggle eyes in mischievous delight.

At nine o'clock, the French have taken the alarm, seeing how the Crown Prince's menacing army is gradually spreading, for his forces have marched to the onslaught from the north and west. In the bend of the Meuse below, the plains are filled with cavalry massed in gorgeous array. The hills above are dense with masses of Prussian infantry, with the bright sun flashing on their pickelhaube helmets. The day has become phenomenally clear. As yet, the work of the French has consisted in turning what was at first a defence against the Saxons into a direct attack upon them, but "Fritz's" columns are approaching in ominous determined silence. Meantime, at Bazelles, a black smoke is still rising; the Bavarians are pushing their way there. Now, towards the plateau of Floing, the French are seen to be moving column after column; but the Prussian artillery encircles them with a belt of flame and smoke. The Prussian King stands motionless on his knoll of Wadelincourt.

The Crown Prince commands his army from a different point, near the Château of Frenois, where, telescope in hand, and with Blumenthal and others of his staff by his side, he watches the movements of the troops. Soon after ten o'clock the required junction of the two German armies has been effected. The French retreat into Sedan by one o'clock in the afternoon. At four o'clock Sedan is assailed on all sides by the German artillery, the French are steadily pressed back within the circle of investment, and find themselves held in the iron grip of their enemy, without any hope of escape.

Marshal MacMahon, early in the morning, had received a wound, and the command devolved on General Wimpffen, by virtue of a sealed order which he possessed. Wimpffen had arrived from Algeria two days before, and knew nothing at all of MacMahon's plans, except through others. But there was no hope for the French, after the Bavarians had got as far as Balan, and the Saxons had reached round to the north of Sedan. Among the officers of the German Army there remained a question as to whether Sedan itself might yet be capable of any defence, till suddenly, amid the smoke, a flag of truce was seen. The Crown Prince rode off alone to join the King at Wadelincourt. Soon the word was passed along, "Der Kaiser capitult; die Armée capitulirt!" An officer, General Reille, had come out of Sedan with a letter from Napoleon III., offering to

surrender. The King, after a brief consultation with Bismarck and Moltke, seated himself on a chair, and, using another as a desk, he addressed Napoleon III. in reply, accepting the surrender, and asking the Emperor to nominate some French officer who should treat concerning the capitulation of the army. The King desired Bismarck to be present during these negotiations. The conditions insisted upon were simply an unconditional surrender of the entire French army. These were, doubtless, hard for the French; but there was no choice but to submit. Shortly before the receipt of Napoleon's letter, a French Colonel had come out to ask terms of surrender. Singularly enough, this officer was the same who, on the last occasion of King William visiting Paris, had been deputed by the French Emperor to attend upon his Prussian Majesty in the Tuileries Palace. In the evening of this tremendous day, King William dined with the Crown Prince and his staff. It was a quiet, humble meal; save that it was cheered by the presence of champagne, which had been captured on its way to the Emperor Napoleon. It was exceptional to find this wine on King William's table, and the Crown Prince took the opportunity to propose the health of his Royal sire and success to the German Army. The King's speech in reply to the toast that night is characteristic, and worthy of being read: "You are aware, gentlemen, of the great historical event which has just now happened. I take this opportunity to express my thanks to the united armies, for their excellent execution of their allotted tasks; the more so as these great successes will strengthen the bond among those German Princes whom I see numerously assembled around me. May they all unite with us, so that we can look for a happy future! All, however, is not yet accomplished, and we must, of course, admit that we are not certain how the rest of France will act. For that reason we have to remain ready for battle. My sincere thanks to everybody who contributed a leaf to the laurel glories of our country!"

On the following day the French Emperor and the Prussian King met at the Château Belleville, overlooking the town of Sedan. No third person was present, and no report of what these monarchs said to each other has been published. But an officer on guard has related that the King, after pointing out several positions on a large map which he held in his hand, drew out a document, which Napoleon signed. They then shook hands. In writing to Queen Augusta, the King gives a vivid picture of the terrible day of Sedan; and his letter so forcibly conveys the impression which the events of that day made upon his mind, that it may be allowed to speak for itself:—

TO QUEEN AUGUSTA AT BERLIN.

VENDRESSE, to the South of Sedan, Sept. 3.

You already know, by means of my despatches, the whole importance of the great event which has happened. It seems like a dream, even when one has seen it passing before one's eye hour by hour.

When I consider that, after a great and successful war, I could not expect anything celebrated to happen during my reign, and that now this great historical era has followed, I bow myself in gratitude before God, who alone has chosen me, my allies, and my army, to do what has been done, and has made us the instruments of accomplishing His will. Only in this light can I understand this work, and in humility I acknowledge the dispensations of God and praise His grace.

I will now add a short picture of the battle and its results.

The army had taken up the appointed position on the evening of Aug. 31 and the morning of Sept. 1. The Bavarians lay with their left wing near Bazelles, on the Meuse; the Saxons were beside them, towards Moncelle; and the Guard still on its march towards Givonne; while the Fifth and Eleventh Corps stood in the direction of St. Menges and Donchery. In the latter village, however, Württemberg soldiers were placed, who at the same time protected our rear against attacks from Mézières. Count Stolberg's cavalry division formed our right wing, on the plain of Donchery; and the remainder of the Bavarians were in front, in the direction of Sedan.

In spite of a thick fog, the battle began, near Bazelles, early in the morning, and by degrees the engagement became very violent, as house by house had to be taken. This lasted nearly the whole day; and Schöller's Erfurt division had to assist. At eight o'clock, when I arrived at the front, before Sedan, the great battery began to open on the fortifications of the town. A great artillery conflict commenced at all points and lasted for hours, during which our troops gradually gained ground. The above-mentioned villages were taken.

Deep and wooded ravines rendered the advance of our infantry difficult, and favoured the defence. The villages Illy and Floing were taken, and the circle of fire drew gradually closer round Sedan. We had a splendid view from our position on a commanding height, behind the battery I have mentioned, to the right and before the village of Frenois, above St. Forey. The violent resistance of the enemy gradually began to diminish, as we could see from the broken battalions which hastily ran from the woods and villages. Their cavalry endeavoured to attack some battalions of our 5th Corps, which behaved excellently. The cavalry rushed through the intervals, and then turned back again the way it had come. This was repeated three times by different regiments, so that the whole field was covered with the dead bodies of men and horses, all which we could distinctly see from our look-out. I have not yet been able to learn the number of the brave regiment.

As the retreat of the enemy had in various places become a flight, and infantry, cavalry, and artillery crowded into the town and its immediate neighbourhood, while no sign was shown that the enemy intended to free himself from his dangerous position by means of a capitulation, nothing remained but to bombard the town with the above-mentioned battery. As in about twenty minutes' time it had caught fire in various places, which, together with the burning villages on the whole field of battle, made a terrific impression, I ordered the fire to cease, and sent Lieutenant Colonel Von Bronsart from the General Staff with a flag of truce to summon the army and fortress to surrender. He was met by a Bavarian officer, who informed me that a French flag of truce had appeared at the gate. Lieutenant Colonel Von Bronsart was admitted, and, on asking for the General *en chef*, he was unexpectedly led to the Emperor, who asked what was his mission, and was told: "To summon the army and town to surrender." He replied that General De Wimpffen, who had just succeeded to the command of the severely-wounded Marshal MacMahon, was the proper person to arrange the matter; and that he should now send General Adjutant Reille with the letter to me. It was seven o'clock when Reille and Bronsart came. The latter was somewhat in advance, and from him we first learnt with certainty that the Emperor was present. You may imagine the impression this made upon all, and on me most of all. Reille sprang from his horse, and gave me his Emperor's letter, adding that he had no further commission. Before I opened it, I said, "But I demand, as a first condition, that the army lay down its arms." The letter begins—"N'ayant pas pu mourir à la tête de mes troupes je dépose mon épée aux pieds de Votre Majesté," leaving all the rest to me.

My reply was that I regretted the manner of our meeting, and requested a plenipotentiary might be sent to conclude the capitulation. After I had given General Reille the letter, I spoke some words with him as an old acquaintance, and so the episode ended. I gave Moltke full power to negotiate the capitulation, and requested Bismarck to remain there in case political questions should be discussed. I then rode to my carriage and drove here, greeted everywhere on the road by the loud hurrahs of the approaching trains, who were singing the national hymn. It was very affecting. Every one had a light, so that at times we drove through an improvised illumination. At eleven o'clock I was here, and drank, with those around me, to the health of the army which had gained so great a victory.

As at two o'clock in the morning I had received no communication from Moltke as to the negotiations concerning the capitulation, which was to be carried out at Donchery, I drove, according to arrangement, to the battle-field at eight o'clock, and met Moltke, who was coming to obtain my approval of the proposed terms of capitulation, and who at the same time informed me that the Emperor had left Sedan at five o'clock, and come to Donchery. As he wished to speak with me, and there was a small château with a park in the neighbourhood, I chose that place for our interview. At ten o'clock I reached the heights before Sedan. At twelve o'clock Moltke and Bismarck appeared with the capitulation signed. At one o'clock I and Fritz set ourselves in motion, accompanied by an escort of cavalry belonging to the General Staff. I dismounted at the château and the Emperor came to meet me. The visit lasted for a quarter of an hour; we were deeply moved at this interview. I cannot describe what I felt, after having seen Napoleon three years ago at the height of his power.

After the interview, I rode from half-past two till half-past seven through the whole army before Sedan. I cannot describe the reception given me, nor my meeting with the Guards, who have been decimated. I was deeply affected by so many proofs of love and devotion.

And now I bid you farewell, with a heart full of emotion at the conclusion of such a letter.

WILLIAM.

(To be continued.)

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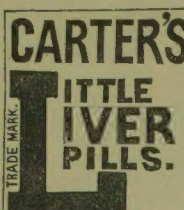
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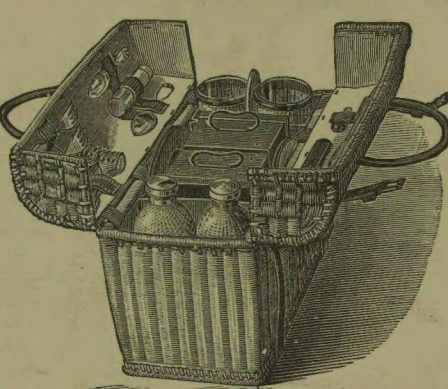
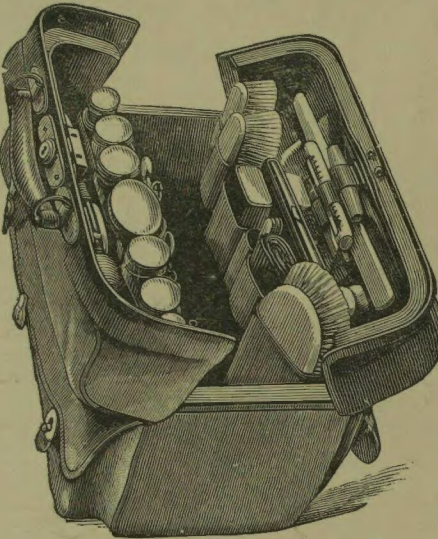
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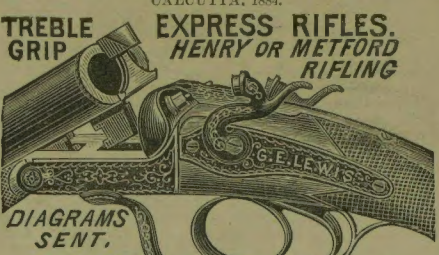
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